Vol. CXXXVI. No. 1771.

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THE BYSTANDER NOVEMBER 24, 1937.

The BYSTANDER

Stage : Films : Ballet : Sport : Society

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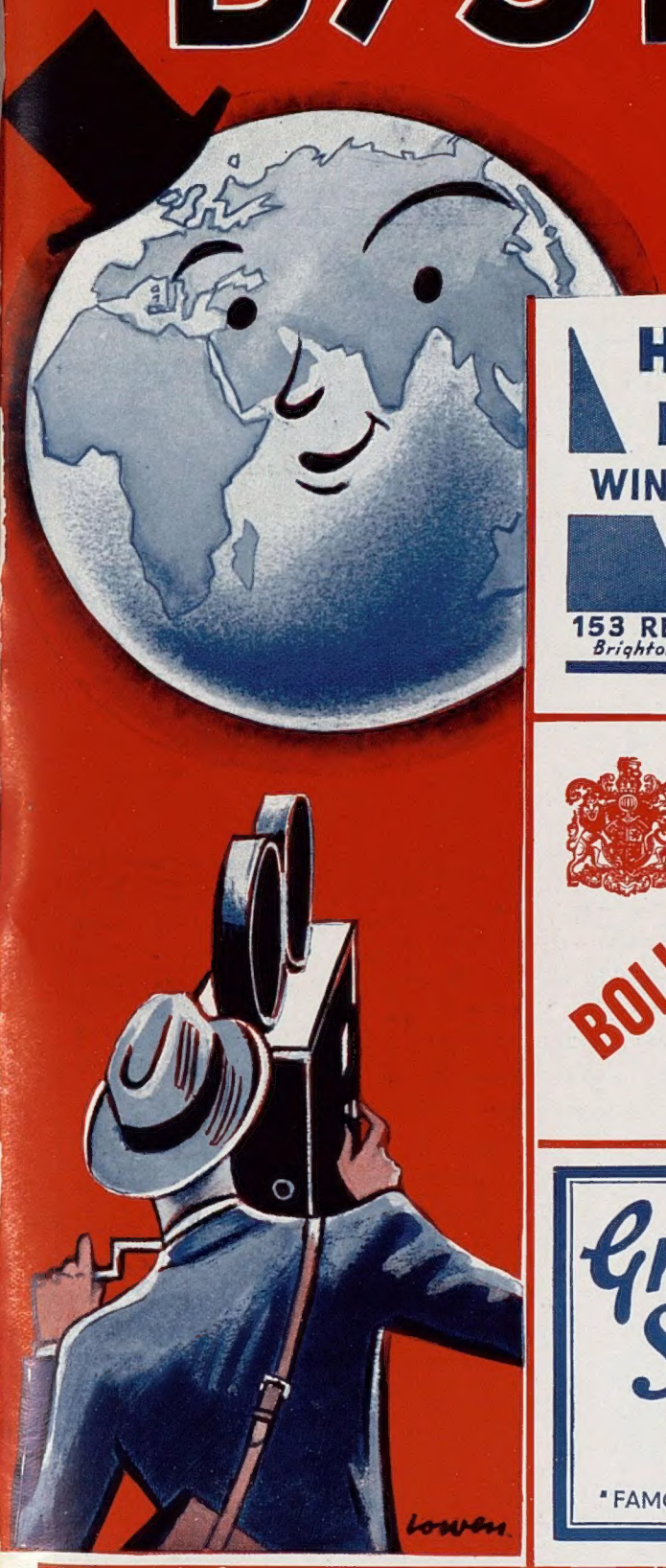

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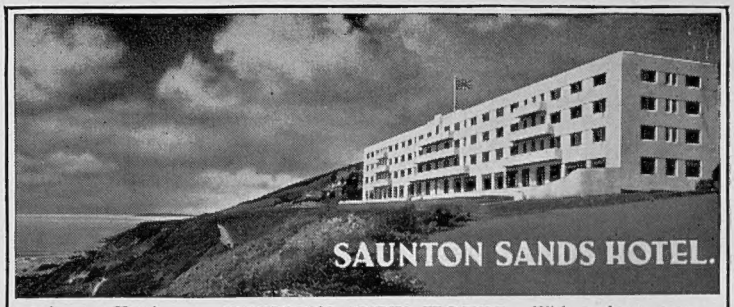

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FRANCE—*Continued*

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Cannes.—Hotel Regina.—A fmly. htl., cl. sea & amsmts. Op. ten. clb.; own pk., quiet; evy. cmf. excl. csne. & svce. Diet if req. Lift. Gar.

Menton.—Hotel des Anglais—Fam. Eng. htl. on sea front. Sunny & quiet. Priv. beach, free gar. Terms fr. 4 gns. per wk. arr. for long stay.

Mentone.—Hotel Stella Bella.—Full South. Sea front, own garden, sun-bathing, private beach. From Frs 45. Open all the year.

Menton.—Hotel de Venise.—Leading in quality and comfort. Central and sunny. Beaut. park. Noted cuisine. Tariff on appl.

Monte Carlo.—Hotel Bristol & Majestic.—200 rms. 80 bths. Facing sea. Bridge rm. & bar. Gar. for 20 cars in htl. Full bd. fr. 60 Frs. on

Monte Carlo.—Le Grand Hotel.—350 rooms, 280 baths. Entirely renovated 1934. Open all year.

Monte Carlo.—The Mirabeau.—A home away from home. Unrivalled situation. F. Schipper.

Monte Carlo.—The Monte Carlo Palace.—First-class, up-to-date. Facing Casino, sea view, open all year. Moderate terms.

Monte Carlo.—Hotel Royal.—All comforts, full south, garden overlooking sea. Moderate rates.

Monte Carlo.—Hotel Terminus Palace.—1st. cl. Sea front. Fac. Casino gdns. Weekly terms incl. tips and tax fr. 4 gns. with pr. Bath £5.

Nice.—Hotel d'Angleterre & Hotel Grande-Bretagne.—200 rms. 100 baths. Special arr. for Xmas from 12/- daily full board.

Villefranche-s-Mer.—Hotel Provençal.—40 rms. full sth., sea view, gard. Pens. 7 Sh. same Direct. Victoria, Beaulieu-s-Mer.

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GERMANY—*continued*

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Grindelwald.—Bear Hotel.—An up-to-date Hotel with an old tradition. Centre of social life. Moderate terms.

Grindelwald.—Regina Hotel Alpenruhe.—First-class. Good value and personal attention. H. Bohren. Managing Propr.

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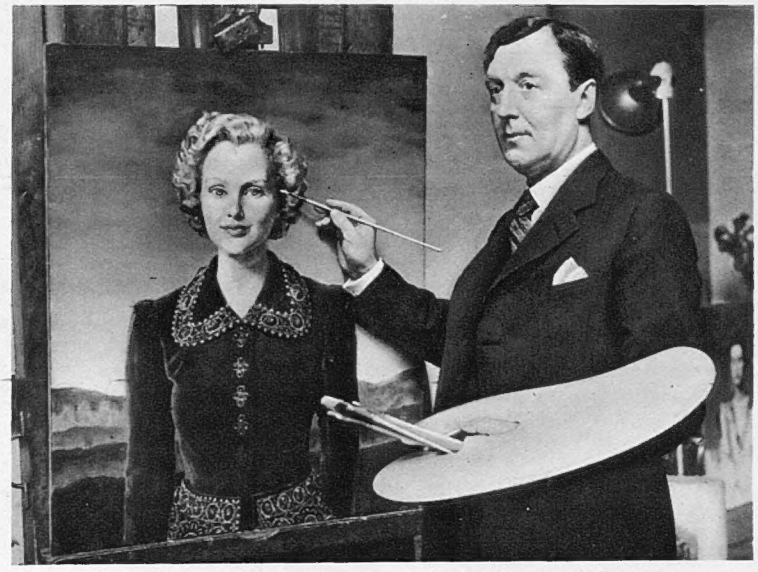
King Leopold of the Belgians

King Leopold made last week the first State visit of a reigning monarch since King George VI.'s accession. Into his three days' stay were packed a State banquet at Buckingham Palace, the reception of an address from the City of London and a luncheon at Guildhall, a dinner to King George and Queen Elizabeth at the Belgian Embassy, a ball at Buckingham Palace, a visit to Colchester to inspect the Inniskillings (of which he is honorary colonel-in-chief) and a dinner at the Foreign Office. These, besides visits to institutions, receptions of chefs de Mission and official conversations. Both the warmth of King Leopold's reception and the tone of the speeches during the visit emphasised the sympathy and trust between Britain and Belgium; and his Majesty more than once underlined the beneficent part this country has played—and can play—for peace. Here King Leopold is wearing the Royal Victorian chain conferred on him by King George the day he arrived



Gerald Brockhurst, Royal Academician

Mr. Brockhurst, seen here with his portrait of Joan Barry, was elected an R.A. last week. And the same day, hearing that the next "Bystander" "Celebrity in Cameo" was to be Henry Sherek, a friend of his, he kindly volunteered to do the drawing for nothing—that is, for about £1,000 less than usual. It's his first portrait as an R.A. and appears next week

Mr. and Mrs. Jussi Björling

The Swedish tenor made his first appearance in England at the Queen's Hall on Tuesday of last week, heralded by such world-smashing adjectives as made the critics feel disappointed rather than pleased when they heard a very fine voice. Mrs. Björling, as Anna Lisa Berg, was beauty queen of Scandinavia

Personal Page

Five Men Who Became Camera Worthy last Week

Mr. Hardiman at Work

Left: the sculptor of the Haig Memorial statue which was unveiled to a storm of controversy is now at work on figures depicting child education for the Norwich Town Hall

Below: the Chairman of the Union Society, Mr. Jim Ridge, presented Sir Frederick Hobday with a silver model of Solario at the dinner the students of the Royal Veterinary College gave Sir Frederick. He has been Principal and Dean for ten years. Right, is Lady Hobday

A Presentation to the Principal and Dean

A Sign Painter

Sir Garrard Tyrrwhitt-Drake has inn-sign painting as a hobby; twenty of his are in use and he hopes soon to replace all plain-lettered signs in Kent, where he lives. Here he is at work on The Lonely Cow (?)

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

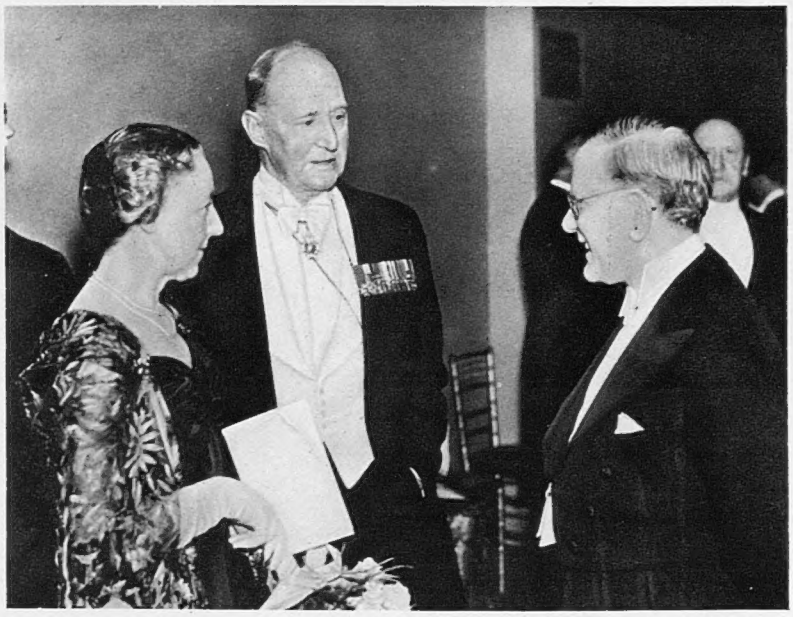
By A. G. Macdonell

THE important news of the week is unquestionably the Anglo-American trade negotiation. Whether or not any substantial increase of trade is brought about, the political significance can hardly be over-estimated. It is a real gesture of mutual good will between the two Anglo-Saxon democracies just at the moment when the three militant dictatorships have signed their pact. No one expects the United States to abandon her jealously guarded policy of Isolation in the meantime, but there is obviously far greater good will towards us across the Atlantic than there has been for a good many years.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL has returned to one of his favourite arenas—namely, the amount of concrete necessary to give protection against a bomb. The figure which Sir Thomas Inskip gave six months ago was twenty to twenty-four feet, and that, apparently, is now accepted as the standard protection against an air raid.

The astounding thing about all these modern precautions, presumably up to date and carefully thought out, is that they are, in the main, rubbish. Eight feet of concrete, if it is properly arranged, will keep out not only an aeroplane bomb but a shell from a heavy howitzer, which is infinitely more dangerous. If the supports of the concrete are strong enough, and if there is a judicious arrangement of air spaces, I believe six feet would be enough.

WHILE I am on this subject, I must once again put on record my conviction that the Conservative Party definitely has not the interests of the country at heart in refusing official position to Mr. Churchill. It is perfectly easy to see what is in the Conservative mind. A Cabinet of mediocrity is desperately reluctant to admit an organising genius into its ranks. Mr. Churchill has an unequalled record of success at the War Ministry, the Admiralty, the Ministry of Munitions, the Air Ministry; and he has also been Chancellor of the Exchequer, Home Secretary, and President of the Local Government Board. He is, in fact, the senior administrator in modern politics. He is to Organisation what Balfour was to Political Theory—in other words, an Elder Statesman. And yet the Government prefers that this unrivalled experience should remain upon a shelf.



Launching the Kipling Memorial Fund

A banquet was held at Grosvenor House to launch the Kipling Memorial Fund, at which Princess Alice and Lord Athlone were present. And, of course, the original of "Stalky" was there too—in private life General Dunsterville. He and his wife are talking to Lord Southwood (right)

Mr. Dobson and His Calix Majestatis

This "Cup of Majesty" has been presented to the Crown by Captain W. Llewellyn-Amos for the Palace of Holyroodhouse. It was executed by Frank Dobson, is in silver-gilt, has a plinth of red Devon marble carved in steps to represent the royal dynasties of this island since Saxon Egbert. Expert opinion agrees in high praise of this work

DURING the last session a Bill was rejected by the House of Commons for the erection of a carbide factory in the Western Highlands. The Government is now going to push the scheme through and is reintroducing the Bill. The case against the putting-up of this factory is still just as strong as it was last March. There is no surplus labour in the district, no coal handy, no local demand for carbide, and indifferent lines of transport. But there. No one pays any attention to such things as reasonable argument.

THERE is a lull in the Spanish fighting and there are vague rumours that a truce may be arranged to last at any rate over the winter. There is a stalemate in front of Madrid, and General Franco's best chance of a knock-out blow is obviously in Aragon. But it is terrible country for winter campaigning, and anything like a large-scale offensive would be extraordinarily difficult. A truce now might easily lead to a permanent settlement before the spring.

THERE are those who draw a parallel between British activity in Waziristan and Italy's attack upon Abyssinia. They point a moral. They say that we are hypocritical for condemning Mussolini and for condemning Japanese bombing while we ourselves send aeroplanes in pursuit of the elusive Fakir of Ipi. But surely there is a difference between a policeman and a mad bull.

A Medal for Miss Irwin

Lady Kemsley presented, at the Book Exhibition last week, the four "Sunday Times" Gold Medals for outstanding books of the year. Miss Margaret Irwin won the medal for fiction with "The Stranger Prince"

A Committee for a Matinée

Mrs. Frank Worthington (centre) is the chairman and Lady Diana Duff Cooper and Lady Monsell are the joint-presidents of the committee organising a Special Matinée for Sailors on December 7th at Wyndham's Theatre, when Grace Carlton's "The Wooing of Anne Hathaway" will be played in aid of the Royal Alfred Aged Merchant Seamen's Institution

It has now been officially announced that if the Paris Exhibition is continued next year the British Pavilion will not be amongst those present. There are some who say that the Pavilion has not been a financial success, and there are others who say that London is anxious to prevent the reopening of the Paris Exhibition next year because it would compete with the Empire Exhibition in Glasgow. But there is yet a third body of opinion which maintains that the British Pavilion in Paris was so unspeakably awful, so monstrously inartistic, so utterly devoid of any connection with the natural genius of the country, that it certainly is a good idea that the experiment should not be repeated.

The award of the Nobel Peace Prize is a worthy tribute to the many years' devoted work which Lord Cecil has dedicated to the cause of peace through the League of Nations. In these days the League of Nations has become a little discredited, not through any fault of its own, but rather through the fault of the politicians of the world who have refused to make use of its machinery for the promotion of international mateyness. Nevertheless, the League goes on and is simply waiting until the time comes when politicians may return to what they are pleased, for some reason, to call their senses. It was Lord Cecil whose enthusiasm and driving power made such a sensational success of the Peace Ballot, thereby giving the Government of the day a painful surprise. The Ballot showed pretty decisively that a League policy will always be acceptable to the great mass of the voters.

Meanwhile, the League of Nations Union plugs away against heavy odds, and I commend to your notice a Matinée on behalf of the Union which is to be given on December 7th. Dame Sybil Thorndike is presenting *The Trojan Women* (translated, of course, by Dr. Gilbert Murray), and Miss Margaret Rawlings, Miss Ann Casson, Miss Zillah Carter, Miss Evelyn Hall, Mr. Lewis Casson, and Mr. William Devlin are to be with her, and the Matinée is to be played at the Adelphi Theatre.

There is something almost painfully appropriate in the selection of *The Trojan Women* when the world is as full of refugees suffering from the results of war as it ever was.

A certain section of the Press has welcomed the election of Mr. Gerald Brockhurst to the Royal Academy on the ground that he has commanded for a number of years the highest price for a portrait. This seems to me to be an odd recommendation, nor can I believe that the Academy itself took it into account when making the choice. Mr. Brockhurst should have been an Academician years ago, not for his prices, but for his art.

The classic case of a painter who commanded high prices and who was also supremely brilliant and who was never considered by the Academy is the late Harrington Mann, who died in New York in the early part of this year. Incomparably the greatest painter of children of our time, Harrington Mann's non-election to the Royal Academy brought infinite discredit upon the pundits of Burlington House. It brought no discredit upon Harrington Mann himself.

A brilliant exhibition of painting has just appeared at the Galleries of the Fine Arts Society in New Bond Street. It is the fruits of five years' work by Gluck. I do not remember for years seeing such a display of versatility. Gluck's flower paintings would be her strong point if her landscapes were not so brilliant, and her landscapes might get the top marks if it were not for her portraits or her still life. Not content with all this achievement, Gluck has designed her own standard frame, which is most effective. It certainly is an exhibition that ought to be visited.

Another exhibition which is most encouraging to everyone connected with the dismal trade of Grub Street, is the *Sunday Times'* Book Exhibition at Dorland House. Not only have the publishers spread themselves in most gratifying style by taking stalls and decorating them lavishly with their books, but the public has rolled up in large numbers and here and there could even be seen furtively planking down seven-and-six and buying a book. This spectacle is sufficiently unusual for an author to see with his own eyes that it never loses the charm of novelty.

So Mr. Bernard Shaw has done it at last! He has re-written some Shakespeare. Ever since I can remember, this threat has been hanging over English literature, and now it has been brought to fulfilment. Whether or not he has made a success of the job is a matter for more learned men than I to decide. But what is certain is that the Ancient Wizard of Ireland has selected unerringly the right play on which to experiment. If *Cymbeline* had been written by Bill Snooks it would never have been heard of again.

Happening, unfortunately, to find myself in the North of Scotland, where the wind was colder than I had believed to be possible and where the snow and sleet came down unendingly, I found a little consolation in discovering that Mr. St. John Ervine's new play was being acted at the local theatre. So for one afternoon I escaped from the icebergs and enjoyed the art of Miss Edith Evans, Mr. Owen Nares, and Mr. David Horne. The play itself is built on the lines laid down by Mr. Shaw and embellished with some of the dodges of Mr. Galsworthy and Mr. Granville Barker, but it is none the worse for that. It is, in fact, "admirable theatre," and it ought to have a very long run in London.

On the whole, the palm for acting goes to Mr. Horne, whose playing of an Anglican bishop is altogether admirable.

The Lady Maureen Stanley, by James Gunn

James Gunn has painted an attractive and characteristic portrait of Lady Maureen Stanley, daughter of Lord and Lady Londonderry, and daughter-in-law of Lord Derby. She is chairman of the committee which has organised the charity performance to-night (November 24th) of the new ice revue, *Marina*, for which the Queen has promised to go to Earl's Court. The performance is in aid of the "Subsistence Production" Society for Older Unemployed Men. Lady Maureen Stanley leads a tremendously full life, with demands made on her time by endless political and charitable causes, social engagements, and her own family. She and her husband, the Rt. Hon. Oliver Stanley, President of the Board of Trade, have two children, a son of sixteen and a daughter of fourteen. They live in Romney Street, Westminster, or at Witherslack Hall, in the Lake District

Social Register

Pictures and Parties

THE PORTRAIT PAINTERS' SHOW

Lady Stanley of Alderley and Her Daughter

The Hon. Pamela Stanley ("Victoria Regina" by night) went with her mother, Margaret Lady Stanley of Alderley, to the private view of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters' Exhibition in Piccadilly

Mr. James Proudfoot and Miss Greta Nissen

Mr. James Proudfoot is one of the exhibitors in the Portrait Painters' show; he was talking to Miss Greta Nissen, the actress, as she walked round at the private view, which is almost as social an event as Private View Day at the Academy

Lady Sibell Lygon and Mr. F. W. Rickett

Lady Sibell Lygon was with Mr. Rickett, the oil-magnate and Master of the Craven. Her brother-in-law has just succeeded to the baronetcy held by his father, who died last week, and is now Sir Richard Cotterell

Lady Dumfries and Mr. Thomas Weldon

Lady Dumfries, Lord Granard's younger daughter, and Mr. "Tommy" Weldon were in a supper-party at the Café de Paris

DINNER-DANCE FOR SKI-ERS

Lady Mabel Lunn and Herr Schneider

Left: Herr Hannes Schneider, the famous founder of the Austrian ski-ing school, sat next Lady Mabel Lunn at the British Ski Club of Great Britain's dinner-dance

Right: Mr. Bill Bracken was another of the crack ski-ers at the Ski Club party, and had his attractive wife with him

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Bracken

Miss Dickinson and Mrs. Shannon

Miss Diana Dickinson is the granddaughter of Sir John Lavery; her picture-gazing companion was Mrs. J. Shannon

Lady Grimthorpe and Mrs. Gibbs

Lady Grimthorpe and Mrs. Lionel Gibbs were two more of the crowd who perambulated the Royal Institute Galleries last Wednesday

The Hon. Mrs. Lionel Brett

Mrs. Brett took her son Christopher to see the pictures. She is Colonel Ebenezer Pike's daughter and married Lord Esher's son in 1935

Preparing to Make Their Entry

Lady Jean Dundas, Mrs. Ken Homan, Mrs. Hubert Hartigan and Lady Milton were just going to make their descent of the Café de Paris stairs into the extension-night crowd below

COCKTAIL-PARTY FOR A BOOK

Mr. Jeremy Hutchinson and Lady Rose Paget

Lady Caroline Paget and her sister, Lady Rose Paget, were both at the cocktail-party Miss Viola Tree gave to celebrate the publication of her book "Can I Help You?"

Below: *Lady Caroline Paget and Mr. Rex Whistler*

The Hon. Antoinette Preston and Mr. Lunn

Lord Cormanston's sister and her fiancé were also at the Ski Club dinner-dance. Mr. Peter Lunn is Sir Arnold and Lady Mabel Lunn's son

Mr. Heywood Hill and Lady Anne Gathorne-Hardy

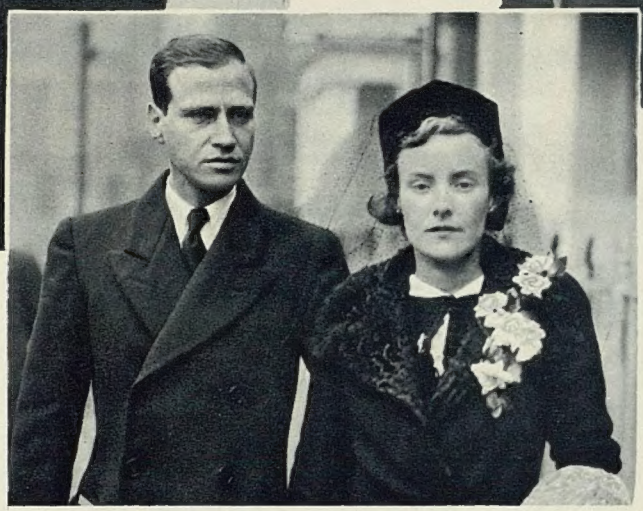
George Heywood Hill, son of Mr. and Mrs. Hill, of Great Orchard, Bignor, Sussex, and Lady Anne Gathorne-Hardy, the Earl of Cranbrook's sister, are engaged. He runs a bookshop in Curzon Street, and she has been working there

Miss Helen Robinson and Mr. Thomas Waterlow

Thomas Waterlow is the younger son of the late Sir William Waterlow, and brother of the present Baronet, Sir James Waterlow. His fiancée, Helen Elizabeth Robinson, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gerrard Robinson, of Bix, Henley

Social Register

Weddings and Engagements



Prince Ludwig of Hesse and Miss Geddes

Prince Ludwig of Hesse and his bride, Margaret Geddes, Sir Auckland and Lady Geddes' daughter, were leaving St. Peter's, Eaton Square, after their wedding which took place in such tragic circumstances last week

Mr. Charles Norman and the Hon. Doreen Gibbs

Left: Charles Bathurst Norman and the Hon. Doreen Gibbs, half-sister of Lord Wraxall, were married in the private chapel at Tyntesfield, her home in Somerset. Lord Wraxall and his brother, the Hon. Eustace Gibbs, were the two pages

Right: Marion Cameron and Ronald Orr-Ewing were photographed at Cardross, Perthshire, the home of his parents, Sir Norman and Lady Orr-Ewing. Miss Cameron is the daughter of Sir Donald Cameron of Lochiel and Lady Hermione Cameron

Miss Marion Cameron and Mr. Ronald Orr-Ewing

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 47

Christina Foyle

My lords, ladies and gentlemen: on my right, Christina Foyle, of Charing Cross Road; height, 5 ft. 4; weight, 8 st.; feather-weight champion of the book clubs. On my left. . . . But no matter who is on the left. . . . Christina Foyle, at the age of twenty-six, has increased the annual sale of her father's book-selling business from 400,000 to over the million mark. She has turned the trade upside down, and has started so many successful book clubs that within eighteen months the revenue from them will be twice that of her family's existing business of selling new and second-hand volumes.

And yet, when you meet her, you find a shy-looking girl with a pink ribbon in her dark hair, with a soft voice, and a habit of turning and dropping her head as she talks and plays methodically with the pencils in her small white hands. There is that slight smile and nothing else to give you a hint as to her thoughts. Oh, yes; she plays poker. . . .

It was just eight years ago that she completed her education in England, Switzerland and France to join her father's firm (begun on a five-pound note) in Charing Cross Road. Within a year she organised the first of those remarkable literary luncheons at which royalty, ambassadors, Cabinet Ministers, peers, and authors like Bernard Shaw have made speeches; at which the Oxford Group has been decarbonised; at which (last Thursday) the protagonists of Jewry and the official Arab interests have exchanged metaphorical swipes. Her tuppenny lending libraries extend from Baghdad to Bermuda—thirty-five hundred of them. Her Right Book Club has acquired 26,000 members in its first six months. Soon she will be her own publisher. Already she runs travel book clubs, religious book clubs, and Catholic book clubs. Very shortly she starts her German book club, with perhaps a Jewish book club to follow, if politics permit.

Christina Foyle reads a book a day; receives a retainer from Gainsborough to find them novels with plots suitable for scenarios; engages, keeps and dismisses her father's staff of 500; sails a seven-ton cutter each week-end at Burnham; arrives at the office at 9 a.m., leaving only when she has finished; lunches with publishers and dines with publishers' agents.

She says she is "avaricious" and much prefers to make money out of authors instead of writing books herself. She says she hasn't time to get married. She says she would have liked to have been a man, because women can't help taking things personally.

Christina Foyle likes cheese and claret and Capri and swimming and getting her own way. When she was seventeen she made up her mind to be independent by the time she was twenty-five. She succeeded, and quite irrespective of any nepotism in her father's firm. She never loses her temper; never gets excited; and is seldom enthusiastic.

What I really like about her is that she looks barely eighteen even now; and despite the fact that she works harder than any girl I know, and although she is the complete hard-headed executive, she is *always* pulling up her stockings.

Charles Graves

"Bystander" Short Story No. 114

Banal Story

By Robert Westerby

Illustrated by Bernard Ninnes, R.O.I.

WELL, it looks to me as if writing isn't as easy as people say it is. "Just observe Life and report things as they happen." "Truth is stranger than prediction." That is what they tell you—all the wise men. "You can write a story about anything," they say. But I don't know. Because, listen:

I am in a street-car, and I am reading a MS. We writers always call what we write "MS." because . . . because that is what we call it. And this MS. I am reading has bounced back on me so often its outer surface is showing the wear. I don't know what it is about, this MS., but sometimes it comes back so quick I think the Postal Service must be kidding me. But, anyway, it is a MS. all right, and I am reading it in a street-car because there is nothing else for me to read and because I like to think *someone* reads the thing anyway.

And while I sit there reading, a small man in a black suit comes in and sits next to me. And after a time I just look sideways at him and see he is reading over my shoulder. "Is that your name there?" he says, pointing to the cover of the MS. as I shut it. "Yes," I say. "Then you're a writer?" he says. "Yes," I say, "that is my name, and I'm a writer." And I say this with conviction, because even if I am not a seller of what I write, no one can look at the pile of stuff hanging around in my room and say I am not a writer. "What do you write about?" he says next, this little man. "Where do you get your plots, eh?"

"I get them from Life," I say, very solemn. "I observe Life, and then Report it," I say.

"Nuts to that," he says. "The things you guys write never are the things that really happen. You have to colour them up. Ordinary things don't make stories," he says. "You can't kid me."

So I laugh in an airy sort of way and say: "You think so?" And the little man scratches his head very thoughtful.

"Though, mind you," he says, "I'm not blaming you any for that. Because stories got to have good climaxes, and people like stories that have. I like 'em myself. There isn't anything to beat a good read—well, maybe there is, but we won't go into that—an' I often tell myself that. But that isn't Life, all the same. The things that really happen you can't make stories out of without altering them, see?" he says.

"But that's where you're wrong," I say. "I can make a story out of anything; about things just as they happen. Altering them just spoils the effect."

"You can, eh?" he says, and laughs sort of sour. "Well, listen to this, then. This happens to me, this story."

And I just sigh and wish the hell I hadn't started this argument, because I guess the little guy's story will be a silly one about how his old man always had an idea he would get killed in an auto accident, and dang me if he didn't. Either that sort of a story, or just improbable.

But I have ten blocks to go, and there is nothing else for it. So "All right," I say, "all right. Go on." "Sure," he says, very pleased. "Sure, I will. I'm a waiter," he says, "and at the time I'm telling you about I'm working at a big dump uptown, which gets me home late. And this isn't good, because it leaves my wife alone too much. And to leave a fine-looking gal like my wife alone in any ordinary district is bad, but to leave her alone in the district I live in is crazy. But I don't realise that at first. In fact, I don't realise it at all until the folks around the block start making dirty cracks and hinting that a certain Greek gentleman is kind of hanging around my place a lot—if you can call whipping into my apartment like a jack-rabbit the moment I've left for work 'kind of hanging around.' So I get suspicious, see? And I watch out for him. And watching out for him is no long job, and soon I see how everything is true, which is embarrassing. And it is embarrassing because this Greek is a helluva big guy, and tough with it. And his name is a long crazy one ending with a 'poulos,' although that has nothing to do with it, I guess," the little guy says, and stops to shake his head very sad.

And already I have begun to see a story in what he is telling me, and I see how it can be shaped up to look swell. A teeming street, see? A tenement; the little waiter, and his pretty little wife getting bored with him; and the big flashy guy with a name ending in "-poulos." Old formula stuff, but with a new slant. The Revolt of the Small Man, see?

(*Concluded on page* viii)

Baron

Walter Greenwood — Author From Lancashire

Love on the Dole, first as the novel and then as the play of which he was part author, made Walter Greenwood's name—and incidentally shook a number of complacents with its inescapably vivid picture of "what it 's like to be poor." He comes from Lancashire, in many parts of which long and hopeless unemployment is as bitter a reality as in the Special Areas. Lancashire people and their toughness, courage and humour in their struggle with poverty are again the concern of his new book, *The Cleft Stick*, a collection of short stories which has been illustrated by Arthur Wragg, and which came out last week. Walter Greenwood was married two months ago to Miss Pearl Osgood, the actress, and they made a trip to America for their honeymoon. He is one of Bernard Shaw's most ardent admirers and owns the complete works, including a signed copy of Shaw's first novel, *Immaturity*. He also has an absent-minded liking for golf, a game which helps him to think, as he takes his seven shots per hole

Anthony

Mary Honer as the Swan Queen

Mary Honer and Margot Fonteyn will both be dancing *Le Lac des Cygnes* in its entirety at Sadler's Wells this season; two performances of the whole ballet are due before Christmas (December 4th and 21st). Mary Honer is particularly good as Odile, when the exceptional strength of her technique is shown, clean, sure and brilliant. The famous series of fouettés in *Lac* has its modern counterpart in *Patineurs*, where Frederick Ashton has given this dancer a solo which is a pure firework display, justified by the ease and assurance of her execution, and always rapturously received. This certainty and precision, which is present, in all she does, including her other classical roles, the Aurora and Blue Bird pas de deux, makes her a tower of strength in the company. Her roles in two of the modern ballets show her feeling for mime. Her performance as the Girl in *The Rake's Progress* reveals anew how important a thread this part weaves in the dramatic whole. And in *The Wedding Bouquet* her Bride is a real humorous creation, exactly in the mood of Lord Berners' absurd fantasy

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Bread and Butter with the Laity

Adrian (Denys Blakelock) to Sally (Rene Ray): "Well, I haven't got much time, so may I kiss you?" "No (pause) I don't—think—so"

Cakes with the Church

Sally to the Rev. John Bagshot (Robert Eddison): "Oh, Baggs! Dear Baggs! I do so want you to be happy"

Below, Adrian and Jo with her father (Felix Aylmer), who says: "You'll be kind to my little girl, won't you, young man?"

Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

Mr. P. C. Vellacott, Head Master of Harrow

Paul Cairn Vellacott was born in 1891, the son of W. E. Vellacott, F.C.A. He went to Marlborough, had two years in the cricket XI., won a scholarship at Peterhouse, Cambridge, and took a first in history. He got a hockey Blue the year the war began, joined up and served for the duration, finishing as Brigade-Major with a D.S.O. Peterhouse elected him into a fellowship and he was tutor and history lecturer until 1934, when he went to Harrow as Dr. Cyril Norwood's successor. There is a remarkable similarity between his career and Mr. Elliott's, of Eton, each coming from the Cambridge history school within a year of each other. They are both members of the United University Club and the Beefsteak Club. Mr. Vellacott married Francesca Lubbock, daughter of the late Sir Nevile Lubbock, in 1929

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Singer Into Novelist : By Alan Thomas

MR. JOHN GOSS, who as a singer has given pleasure to thousands of people all over the world, has now joined the army of novelists—or has he? For his first book, *Cockroaches and Diamonds* (The Bodley Head ; 7*s.* 6*d.*), whatever else it is, does not conform to the shape of an ordinary novel. Perhaps the clue to what it is may be found in the sub-title, "A Sonatina." In the sonatina, Grove tells me, "the possibilities of musical sense and sentiment are reduced to a minimum, and a want of positive musical interest commonly results." It would be altogether untrue to suggest that Mr. Goss's book has no positive literary interest ; on the contrary, the writing is alive, stimulating and pleasantly ironic. But there is a lack of coherence about the story, corresponding to the lack of unity which Grove suggests there is about sonatinas—which is perhaps why composers who have produced the greatest impression with short and concise movements in modern times have uniformly avoided them.

We start off in magnificent style. The first movement, entitled "Allegro Ben Moderato," chronicles the youth and early manhood of a Foreign Office archivist named Albert Pumphrey. In the description of suburban family-life one detects the influence of Mr. Wells and Mr. Priestley. The characters are admirably drawn. And then, just as one has become thoroughly interested in all the people and is wondering what is to happen next, the whole thing breaks off and we get "Tema Con Variazione," scenes of diplomatic life on and off parade in the British Reservation of an eastern kingdom. True, it is the place where Albert Pumphrey is stationed : but by the time we get back to him in the third movement, the interest switches over to Mrs. Henry Fortune, Lord Broster's daughter, who is visiting the country and learns there that her father, a Labour peer, has just been made Prime Minister. Shortly afterwards the British Government goes to pieces—and takes the story with it. The book is full of good passages—witty, amusing, not to say hilarious passages. But *pace Euclid*, the parts are greater than the whole. I look forward immensely to Mr. Goss's next attempt.

NO one who is seeking to understand the issues underlying the conflict in Spain to-day should miss José Castillejo's *War of Ideas in Spain* (John Murray ; 6*s.*). Dr. Castillejo is a Spanish educationist : for the last thirty years he has been permanent secretary to the Commission for the advancement of studies and scientific research, and he was the founder and director of the Escuela Internacional Española, which Sir Michael Sadler, in his introduction, refers to as "one of the most interesting educational undertakings in Europe." Dr. Castillejo's book is the work of a scholar and a man of liberal ideas. It is emphatically *not* a partisan statement or anything like it. Within the compass of 150 pages he summarises with remarkable clarity the philosophical, political, and educational history of Spain from the earliest times : and coming down to the present day, he shows how "the stalwart legal system which had withstood the political tides of twenty centuries was shattered." The solution of the conflict, he hints, may be found in a division of the country involving a grouping of populations according to affinity of ideas, and opening the way to a future unity based on free determination and common interest. But the book as a whole contains less advocacy than analysis. When Spain emerges from its present troubles, Dr. Castillejo should obviously be one of the first men called upon to help in the rebuilding : meantime, his present book makes a contribution—one of the most valuable I have come across—to the understanding of the situation.

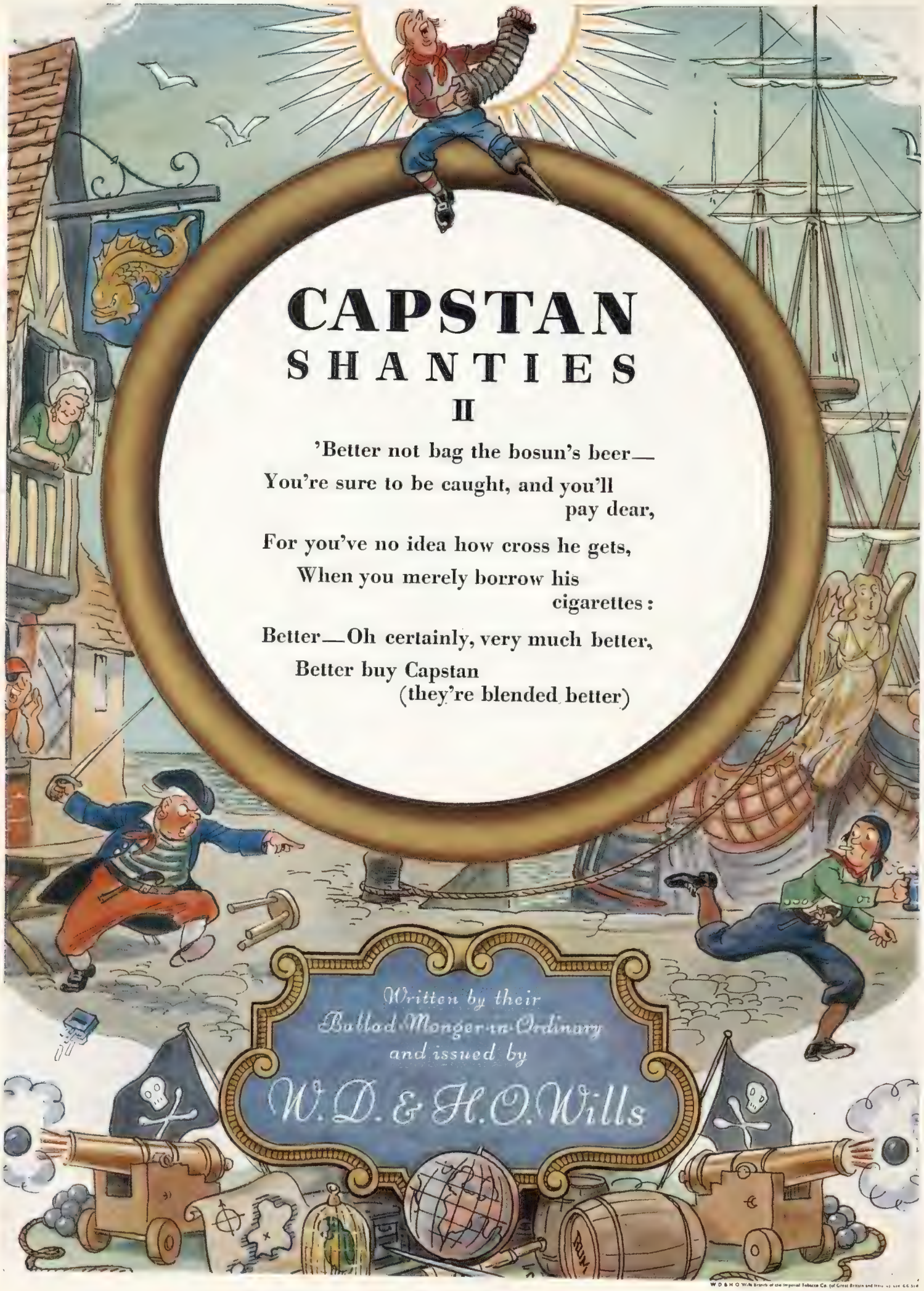
MARGARET RIVERS LARMINIE and Jane Langslow have thought of a bright idea. They have written a detective story and brought in to solve the mystery five well-known detectives of contemporary fiction. Their names, which have been suitably altered, are Hippolyte Pommeau (readers of Agatha Christie's works will know who he is), Lord Robert Mooney (Miss Dorothy Sayers' admirers will need no introduction to his lordship), Dr. Vicary (whom all friends of Mr. John Rhode will immediately recognise), Archie Hazard (Mr. H. C. Bailey's fans will see through his disguise), and lastly, Inspector Quench (who, as Mr. Freeman Wills Crofts admits, is a chip of the old block). A bright idea—but also a very rash one. For the material these giants are set to work on in *Gory Knight* (Longmans ; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is scarcely worthy of their mettle. The five of them forgather for the inevitable week-end in the inevitable country house, and just as they are about to go in to dinner it is reported by Bunyan (Lord Robert's "gentleman") that the cook has "ceased to function." Thereafter each of the distinguished guests starts off on the trail. But though their several mannerisms are more or less faithfully portrayed, the story is weak and the ending of it breaks what I believe is one of the canons of detective fiction. Still, *Gory Knight* is an amusing effort.

WHAT a charming writer Miss Eleanor Farjeon is ! Those who remember *Martin Pippin in the Apple Orchard* will know the very special kind of appeal her work can make both to children and to grown-ups. Her latest book, *Martin Pippin in the Daisy Field* (Michael Joseph ; 8*s.* 6*d.*), illustrated by Isobel and John Morton-Sale, should be very popular. I asked one young man of my acquaintance what he thought of it and he replied that "it was a very nice book indeed"—which is pretty high praise from an under-eight. Of less importance, perhaps, is the fact that I also enjoyed it very much myself.

I DO not usually review works of reference on this page, but I may perhaps be forgiven for at least calling attention to a book of exceptional importance, and one that most owners of private collections will wish to possess : I refer to the new volume of *The Dictionary of National Biography*, 1922-1930 (Oxford ; 28*s.*), which contains the biographies of notable persons who died in the nine years 1922-1930. Seeing that many of the lives recorded are those of men and women of our own time, this is a book that should be of interest not only to students and historians, but also to the general reader.

Susan Ertz—by Gluck

This portrait of Susan Ertz is one of the paintings shown by Gluck in her exhibition which opened at the Fine Art Gallery last week. Miss Ertz has just published a new novel, "No Heart to Break"


CAPSTAN
SHANTIES
II
'Better not bag the bosun's beer—
You're sure to be caught, and you'll pay dear,
For you've no idea how cross he gets,
When you merely borrow his cigarettes:
Better—Oh certainly, very much better,
Better buy Capstan (they're blended better)
Written by their Ballad-Monger-in-Ordinary and issued by
W. D. & H. O. Wills

Films of the Day

Dietrich and Arliss: By J. B. Whittingham

ADMIRERS of Marlene Dietrich—and there are many—will go to see her in a new film, whether it is good or bad. Since *The Blue Angel*, they have had to sit through quite a number of bad ones. Happily, her latest, *Angel*, is excellent. Lubitsch has found the right part for her, created the right atmosphere, and picked one of the most talented teams of supporting players that Hollywood could offer. It seems easy to make good Dietrich films if you have the money, but why have they been made only twice in seven years?

A perfect home, an adoring husband, and a £5000 a year dress allowance is not enough for Marlene Dietrich's Lady Barker. She must slip off to Paris while her famous husband is "defeating twenty-one nations" at Geneva, and start a war in her own household, just because he dreams at night of Jugoslavia instead of her.

When Empire-builder Melvyn Douglas finds her in a house of ill-repute somewhere in Neuilly, he falls so much in love with her during the first three minutes of their conversation that the brilliant future we have heard so much about is in danger of ruin, dragging that of the Foreign Secretary with it. That he should fall in love with her is comprehensible—at any rate, to Dietrich fans—but that he should pick on "Angel" as his name for her when she will not reveal her true one, after an evening of riotous living, might more easily be taken for flippancy than flattery.

I CAN think of no more delightful setting for a pleasant week-end than Paramount's English country seat. The rooms are beautifully and typically furnished, and the oak panelling stands out six inches in relief. Obviously much time, study, and expense have been devoted to obtaining such a high degree of accuracy in the presentation of this house, as well as in the scenes at Ascot, and in the conversation between master, mistress, servants, and friends. It really does seem all very English and "right." Yet every time the butler enters a room he knocks! Now, really, Mr. Marshall, I would have thought that you, an Englishman, would have known better than to let them spoil the whole effect like that!

After one or two slow patches the story begins to move when Sir Frederick discovers to his horror that the mysterious woman, "Angel," with whom his friend is obsessed, is none other than his own wife. Such situations are inclined to be extremely embarrassing when shared between Foreign Secretaries and Empire-builders. But imagine how Lady Barker must have felt when she returned to the house of ill-repute to meet her lover, and her husband, who should have been on his way back to Geneva, arrived too.

The acting between the three principal artists during this sequence was subdued and convincing. In fact, the acting throughout the whole picture was good, particularly that of Herbert Marshall. So was the dialogue.

IN spite of the dominating influence of Mr. George Arliss, *Dr. Syn* is very much beer, cheese, and daisies compared with the champagne, oysters, and orchids of *Angel*. They do things in this British story of smugglers that would make the ancestors of Sir Frederick blush in their graves. Even Mr. Arliss sometimes forgets himself.

One such occasion, in my opinion, was the high-light of the film. The village schoolmaster deals him a sharp upper-cut to the chin, and Mr. Arliss retorts with as clean a knock-out as ever put anyone on the mat, effected by taking a leap into the air and then landing the right fist with the force of an avalanche.

When Mr. Arliss is not brawling or hiding behind scarecrows in the desolate swamps of Kent, he is leading the double life of a country parson by day, and a booze-racketeer by night. Once upon a time, he was a notorious pirate, but when we meet him he has repented of his villainous deeds and has settled down in the village of Dymchurch, determined to make amends by cheating the Government out of revenue on wines and spirits.

AT this point I feel compelled to write an open letter to Mr. Arliss:

DEAR MR. ARLISS,

This sort of thing positively will not do.

You were incomparable with Mrs. Patrick Campbell in 1901, and many years later you made film history as Disraeli, Shylock, Voltaire, Rothschild, Wellington, Richelieu, and Mr. George Arliss. But you must not undertake, with your classic reputation, the parts of old-time gangsters who get found out and then have to set off to sea in a dinghy at the age of seventy in the hope of making a romantic living.

We are still waiting to see you as Nelson, all the Kings of England before and including William IV., Marlborough, Napoleon, and William Tell. England expects . . .!

Yours, etc.

I would also tell Graham Moffatt how amusing he was as Jerry Jerk, the fat boy; and Margaret Lockwood, that she appeared too seldom.

It is not a very good picture, but there is lots of adventure—if you believe in miracles, scarecrows, and Mr. George Arliss.

[Mr. Whittingham is deputising for Mr. George Campbell, who is on holiday.]

"Angel" and Adorers

There's a film triangle called "Angel," with Marlene Dietrich at its apex, Herbert Marshall and Melvyn Douglas as its baser angles, Ernst Lubitsch as geometrician (director). Its run is at the Plaza, and a review of it is on this page

George Arliss as the Pirate Parson

Roy Emerton is the Captain of the King's Men who discovers Dr. Syn's double life; Wally Patch is the Bo'sun; George Arliss is Dr. Syn, the pirate whose repentance turns him into a parson and a smuggler—all this is the Gaumont-British adaptation of Russell Thorndike's story, reviewed here, and running at the New Gallery

Out of Doors

Hunting and Hunter Trials

Lady Dorothea Head and Capt. Anthony Head

Capt. Anthony and Lady Dorothea Head (she is Lord Shaftesbury's elder daughter) were out with the Quorn when they met at Beeby

Mrs. Stourton and Miss Gunther

Mrs. Kathleen Stourton and her sister were also at the Quorn Beeby meet. Miss Enid Gunther has just become engaged to Mr. Eddy J. Hope

The Hon. Moyra Lubbock

Lord Avebury's only sister on her horse Kantara was waiting for the start of the Ladies' Class in the Oxford University Draghounds Hunter trials at Middleton Stoney

Right: Mr. Jack Profumo, draped in a horse-rug, was watching an event on the same occasion

Mr. Jack Profumo

Mr. Harold Mitchell, M.P.

The ex-Master of the Lauderdale took a second in the Local Hunts Class at Middleton Stoney, with his bay hunter, Twelve A.M.

Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. James Baird

Mr. and Mrs. James Baird were talking to Mrs. Codrington at the Cottesmore meet at Leesthorpe cross-roads. He was Master of the Cottesmore for ten years. Mrs. Baird is Lord Harcourt's sister

Miss Primula Rollo and Lady Kathleen Rollo

Lady Kathleen Rollo and her nineteen-year-old daughter, Primula, were also out with the Cottesmore on the day they met at Leesthorpe cross-roads

The Hon. John Cudahy

Mr. Cudahy is the new American Minister to the Irish Free State, and an ex-Master of the Washington Foxhounds. He is the first son of an Irish emigrant to be appointed Minister to the Free State. He was out with the Kildare at their Rathcoole meet

Right: Captain and Mrs. R. G. Fanshawe and their son, David, were at the Kildare meet at Rathcoole. He is the son of Lt.-Gen. Sir Edward Fanshawe, used to be in the 16th/5th, and is a well-known G.R.

Left: the Hon. Mrs. Lowther and her son, George Lowther, who is in the Life Guards, were at the Pytchley meet at Stamford Hall

Right: Lady Cromwell and her eight-year-old son, David Bewicke-Copley, were at the same Pytchley meet

Mrs. Lowther and Her Son

Lady Cromwell and Her Son

The English Scene

Heavily mackintoshed and umbrella'd, the touch judge has a jolly time running up and down the line after the ball that other men are playing with. This one was officiating at the Bart's v. R.M.A. match, which the former won by seventeen points to nothing

Limbering Up for the Snow Season

Reports of wonderful snow conditions from Switzerland and Austria have sent ski-ers hurrying to schools where they can get themselves ready for the sport under the guidance of experts (in this case, Charlie Schaer). The classes are organised by the National Council of Swiss Ski Schools. As you can get all the social contact and exercise of ski-ing in this way, without the danger or the messy snow, it's a wonder anyone goes abroad (or is it?)

Howard Marshall on Sport

THE Cricket Board of Control has put its foot down on the proposal that the Test Matches against Australia next year should last five days. The further suggestion that play should not begin until 11.30 each morning has been deferred. But if this eventually goes through, I am afraid that, with one and a half hours lopped off each four-day match, the Australians will have travelled a long way without achieving much result.

It may seem absurd that four days should not be enough to settle a Test Match between England and Australia in fine weather, but that is the fact.

There is, at any rate, great disappointment over the Board's decision, though they have ruled that the fifth and final Test is to be played to a finish "unless one team has a clear advantage of two matches won at the conclusion of the fourth Test."

This is certainly an improvement on the 1934 arrangement, when the last Test had only to be played out if the position was level. This meant that as soon as one side or other had won a match, they merely had to play for draws in the remaining Tests to make sure of the rubber—a state of affairs which led to a deal of dreariness.

We shall not know the names of our Test selectors until the spring, though it is probable that Messrs. Warner, Perrin and Higson will once more form the nucleus of the committee.

It is very cheering, by the way, to see how well some of our youngsters are doing with Lord Tennyson's team in India. Edrich has been in consistently good form, and N. W. D. Yardley keeps making runs and fielding brilliantly in a way which encourages those who believe that before very long he may captain England.

I fancy that we shall have a good deal of trouble next summer with Hassett, the young Victoria batsman, whose brilliant innings against New Zealand the other day pleased the critics so much. And how about O'Reilly's latest performance—five wickets in the first six balls of a representative match? That has a disquieting look about it.

As usual, most of our national games have provided controversies of one sort or another during the past week. The Association Football experts, for example, are wondering what has happened to the Arsenal. And lawn tennis enthusiasts are talking about the possibility of an attack upon "shamateurism," if I may use a horrible but expressive word.

I do not take very much stock of the Arsenal trouble. It is true enough that the club has lost

The British Olympic Crew for Australia

The crew for the Empire games, which will celebrate Australia's 150th anniversary, were photographed after dinner at the Dorchester, before leaving. They are, from the left, P. Jackson (captain), R. Hambridge, P. Beazley (stroke), R. Harman, J. Burrough, D. Offer, J. Offer, D. Kingsford, and T. Reeve (cox). Standing behind is Jack Beresford, the coach

Off the Deep End at the Ladies' Carlton

The Ladies' Carlton Club opened its new racquets court with a certain amount of splash—a big cocktail party was given, during which there were exhibition matches and an exhibition swim. Above are Lady Lambert Ward, Miss Worthington Evans, Miss Diana Ward and Lady Ross ready to dive in; right is Miss Frances McClean with Mr. Desmond Backhouse, who played in the exhibition squash match

Cocktails After Squash

matches with alarming consistency. But then, Mr. George Allison has been sorely plagued by injuries to his key men. Drake, for instance, the Arsenal centre-forward, has been out of action for some time, but he hopes to start again shortly, and his return to the team will make all the difference.

I think an Arsenal revival will be hitting the headlines before long.

As for the lawn tennis clean-up, this is not yet official. But in the rumour stage it is said that the Lawn Tennis Association Council are putting forward a motion at their annual meeting next month which, if it is carried, will put an end to the activities of those players who live on their expenses.

The L.T.A., it is said, wish to have access to the accounts of all tournament committees, and also they may demand the right to know how players have used their prize vouchers. If the L.T.A. carry these proposals, they will be able to make things very awkward for certain players, though I fancy there are always loopholes through which the determined "shamateur" can crawl.

Now to a different kind of fight—the one between Maurice Strickland and Al Delaney at Harringay next Monday. This should give Strickland a chance to prove that he can be more deadly than he was against Walter Neusel. He did well enough up to a point when he fought Neusel, but not so well as his supporters had hoped. If he is to rehabilitate himself as a serious contender for the world heavy-weight title, he will have to polish off Delaney quickly and accurately.

Delaney is a spirited, hard-hitting fighter who has been in the game a long time, and doubtless he will keep Strickland busy. But we shall expect Strickland to win comfortably within the distance.

On the same bill there is a fight between Roby Leibbrandt of South Africa and Eddie Wenstob of Alberta; and this promises to be an exceedingly lively affair. Both men are uncommonly strong and fit, and both of them believe in action. Leibbrandt is not long out of the amateur ranks, and he has a good deal to learn about the professional game. But he is a promising youngster.

As for Wenstob, he frankly has no use for science, but just keeps slamming away in the best rough-house manner.

How well Harry Mizler fought last week, incidentally, when he gave the tough little Al Roth the boxing lesson of his life. Perhaps this foreshadows a new period of confidence and success for Mizler, who has everything to make him a great world's champion. He has even been compared to peerless Jim Driscoll, though in the past, like others of our fighters, he has failed through an odd lack of belief in himself. If only he could acquire a superiority complex, what a champion he would be!

Why this sense of inferiority should afflict British boxers is a great mystery. From Bombardier Wells onwards we have had a succession of potential world-beaters of various weights who have faded out simply because they doubted their own powers. What our men need, apparently, is not training, but psycho-analysis. And it might be as well if a course in psychology took the place of shadow-boxing in future.

Wembley Lions Beat Harringay Racers

There was a big and excited crowd of ten thousand people to watch the fast match for the London Ice Hockey Cup. Held at Harringay Arena, it matched the Harringay Racers against the Wembley Lions, the former being the holders. But they couldn't hold against the Lions, who won by three goals to one, after plenty of fights near the goal like this

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The Cambridge Team

EARLY in the month I saw the Cambridge golf team play its first match of the season on the course of the Royal Worlington and Newmarket Golf Club. Cambridge had previously played four matches on the courses of its opponents and won at Royal Wimbledon, Stoke Poges and Gog Magog, and lost at Walton Heath. The Outlaw team, which played against Miss Diana Fishwick's team of unmarried young ladies, was composed of the best golfers in residence at Cambridge University, and therefore can almost be considered a Cambridge team. I regret to relate that the majority of this side was sufficiently unchivalrous to beat its female opponents and, therefore, I consider that it is just as well that it should be referred to as the Outlaws and not as Cambridge University.

IT is very difficult so early in the season to tell whether the young golfers of Cambridge will next year compare favourably with their predecessors or not, but it looks most certainly as if the material for a really sound side is available.

There are six old half-Blues in residence, namely, G. G. D. Carter, who is the captain, J. D. A. Langley, who is the secretary, J. W. D. Goodban, T. S. Winton, S. G. Dalley and R. O. Booth. The two reserves for this year's match, who failed to earn a free dinner for their side, namely, R. B. Macgregor and G. Morton, are still in residence.

Experience tells even more in matches between Oxford and Cambridge than it usually does, consequently Cambridge with six old half-Blues in residence against four at Oxford should have the more experienced team.

T. S. Winton is without any doubt a greatly improved player. He qualified for the Open, in which he had the good fortune to be drawn with Walter Hagen, and has naturally learnt something from playing with him. Winton is the only half-Blue available for the next match against Oxford who won both his matches in the Varsity match this year.

Booth lost both his matches against Oxford last March, but all the other half-Blues only lost one point or less for their side.

Langley, who has the most lovely swing, has yet to win a match for Cambridge against Oxford and also has yet to lose one. I consider Langley the best young golfer in the British Isles at the present time. When he has had more experience he is sure to improve both as a golfer and as a match-winner (it is strange that there are so many very good strikers of the golf ball who win very few matches), he will be a better player in March 1938 than he was in March 1937, and he will need to be if he has to play Ken. Scott at Westward Ho!, who will be thoroughly at home on the course on which his uncles, Michael and Denis, have put up numerous fine performances.

Next year it is the turn of the Oxford captain to suggest the course on which the Varsity match is to be played, and I feel sure that many golfers will approve of his taking the match to Westward Ho! for the first time in its history.

THE Cambridge captain, Carter, is a sound, steady player rather than a brilliant golfer, nevertheless he has already produced one really brilliant round; this was at Stoke Poges, when he played golf which would have beaten nearly anyone and which actually did beat Raymond Oppenheimer, who himself played well enough to beat most people. Carter is not one of the long-hitters, although he hits the ball far enough to reach the long holes on the majority of courses in two shots; what he lacks in length he makes up for in accuracy, and by careful placing of his tee shots finds the easiest way home. When you watch him play a shot you have a very good idea where the ball will finish. I shall be surprised if Carter does not prove himself a sound and sensible captain.

THERE are apparently few freshmen who look likely to be good enough to get places in the team. It is true that C. S. Munson, the captain of the Yale team which played some matches over here this summer, is in residence, but it is not yet known whether he intends to play serious golf or not.

Macgregor has improved as a golfer very much and now looks a very sound player; he has a nice, compact swing, which appears extremely unlikely to ever go wrong. I do not think that he will be given another chance to lose a dinner for his side.

G. N. Casson, another senior, has some good performances to his credit in the Sheffield district, where he has been successful in competitions run by the Sheffield Union of Golf Clubs. He is a useful and, for his age, experienced golfer.

W. S. I. Whitelaw, a senior, led the qualifiers in the Scottish amateur championship on the first day at Barassie, and has lately done a very good round at Worlington, where it is essential to play good shots to get good results.

Carter appears to have good material at his disposal, and I shall be surprised if he does not produce a really good side.

WHEN you read this you will know the result of the match between Cambridge and the League, which has yet to be played as I write. How Cambridge performs against the League, which always produces extremely strong sides against the Universities, ought to give a good idea of how good the team is likely to be and also how it compares with Oxford at the present time. Of course, the teams which play against each other at Westward Ho! on March 22nd and 23rd next year will be very different in skill than they are now, and almost certainly different in personnel.

The League Beat Oxford at Southfield

R. H. Oppenheimer celebrated his birthday by taking a League team down to Oxford: he is on the left in this picture, with J. C. Lawrie (Oxford), D. H. Garrow (Oxford), Anthony Duncan and C. J. H. Tolley to the right in that order. The visitors were too strong for the University and beat them over two days' play

P. G. Foster

The Worcestershire cricketer, who is at Christ Church, played with Bond in the first foursome and lost to Duncan and Martin; in his single he won by a hole from John Beck

M. Smuts

Smuts is at Magdalen and is a relation of South Africa's Minister of Justice: he played with W. H. Gibson in the Saturday foursomes against Oppenheimer and R. G. de Quincey

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Skater's Leap

A Turn from the Revue on Ice at Earl's Court

It must have been an immense job of work, transforming the Empress Stadium at Earl's Court into a stage for an ice revue. They say that for one item alone twelve thousand square feet of scenery is used: it is asbestos mounted on steel, weighs ten tons, and all has to be winched out of the way after every show to leave the rink clear for skating or ice hockey. *Marina* is the inappropriate name of the show and it is certainly the best of this season's crop of skating spectacles. Successful efforts have been made to salt the ice with humour and, of course, the skaters themselves are first-rankers. Red McCarthy, for instance, claims to be the world's champion barrel-jumper and from these pictures of him a challenge seems unlikely. To-night the Queen will attend a gala performance of *Marina*, which has been organised by Lady Maureen Stanley in aid of the Subsistence Production Society for Older Unemployed Men. Miss Cecilia Colledge will give an exhibition of free skating

R. and A., What Next?

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER—

At the risk of being personal, this letter shall start with an announcement about myself. No, no. Not a case for the engagement page, or anything like that. Only that I have forfeited my amateur status and am a professional! I am not sure whether it is startling, or comic, or both; in fact, I feel rather like Alice in Wonderland when she puzzled over who she really was. The crime committed is that I am at the moment writing a book which will have a certain amount of golfing instruction in it. And the Royal and Ancient have just pronounced the following decision: "Anyone writing an instructional book would forfeit their Amateur Status." Not "publishing," mark you, but "writing." The moment the hapless golfer sets pen (or typewriter) to paper, the deed is done. The contract for my book is signed; there is no going back. Each morning as I sit at a desk tapping out words, I am hanging myself. By the constitution of the L.G.U. and this decision of the R. and A., I can no longer have an L.G.U. handicap, that being a delicacy reserved for "annual amateur members of an Affiliated Club." I am an outcast; a pariah. The ridiculous thing is that for myself I feel neither doleful nor penitent.

But there are others in the same boat. So many have written books of instruction since 1934, when the R. and A. last tried their hand at this difficult business of defining an amateur. Perhaps we shall start a golfing society of our own, the Society of the Banned. In a bookseller's catalogue I see that in 1935, the Earl of Berkeley published *Sound Golf: A Book for the Long Handicap Player*. That suggests instruction. If it is not, I beg his pardon, but if it is, then it seems as if his Lordship would be a most suitable President for the Banned (or should we spell it Band?). Then, of course, there are Mr. Bernard Darwin and Mr. Henry Longhurst, both dyed deep since 1934. Let us stand close, my fellow pros., and consider what shall be done about this curtailment of our liberties. Are you, Mr. Darwin, never again to be allowed to compete in medals at St. Andrews? May Mr. Longhurst bring back no more laurels from the Continent? Must the Mr.'s be dropped, not for fame like Shakespeare, but for professionalism like Henry Cotton? I wonder. And if books are banned, what about articles? Apart from direct instruction, is it possible even to describe a match without teaching somebody something? Can one be hung for the sheep of a book and not the lamb of an article, particularly as we criminals are likely to commit so many more lambs than sheep?

Joking apart, what is going to happen? This decision of the Royal and Ancient, if allowed to go unchallenged, means that nobody except the pros. will be able to write books of instruction on golf. Now the pros'. knowledge of the game is profound, nobody disputes that for an instant. But their power of putting the knowledge on paper is often limited. Are golfers to be starved of instruction? If a new young golfer arises, full of sound theory, and perhaps with a gift for expressing it, may he or she not write down that knowledge for the guidance of contemporaries or posterity?

For the dictum is comprehensive. Though the book never found a publisher, though it were art for art's sake, with no penny of gain therefrom, that would not save him or her. It is, according to the R. and A.'s decision, not publishing but writing which forfeits the amateur status. There is no hope for anyone, unless something be done. The question is, what?

At this time of year those who have won more than one spoon in the BYSTANDER competitions, may begin thinking about their chances for the Yearly Cup, which rewards the player who has collected the greatest number during the year. Last year seven spoons actually won; four was second. This year a greater number of players have competed, scores have been better than ever, and honours much more evenly distributed. That means it is all the more worth while to make a supreme effort to get in a winning card during November and another in December. Even a bad score may win in those months. At the moment Mrs. J. B. Watson leads the field with four spoons, two of them scratch. At three spoons there are seven players, in alphabetical order: Mrs. Buckley, Miss Nancy Cook, Mrs. E. Mercer, Mrs. D. P. Milne—this is a great achievement from Barrackpore—Mrs. E. de Moss, Mrs. Semmence, and Mrs. Swannell—who was second for the Cup last year. More power to all their elbows! And, talking of Barrackpore, next week you shall be reminded of the new Overseas Spoon Scheme.

Yours ever,
ELEANOR E. HELME.

Mrs. Gilligan took no half measures about gloves when the cold weather really set in; she wore these sumptuous hand-warmers for the Roehampton Ladies' Challenge Cup

Players at Roehampton in the Challenge Cup Championship

Mrs. Pratt Barlow, in the widest of wide trousers, was competing in the Roehampton meeting

Miss Bell and Miss Pickett were two more players on that cold and frosty morning

Mrs. Fox and Mrs. Longman set off briskly after their drives, Mrs. Fox carrying her own clubs

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

As expected, the Haig statue got the razz immediately on unveiling. The art critics were divided, the *Telegraph's* expert panning it in lovely art-jargon (". . . urge of plan . . . static . . . controlled impetus . . . break in rhythm . . ."); the *Times* expert, explaining away the sculptor's difficulties, also using the operative word "rhythm," but more kindly. Other dailies got the opinions of honest members of the British Legion present at the unveiling, which opinions were, of course, not worth a hoot, as Whistler observed years ago of the Man in the Street's reactions to Art in general. These citizens panned the Haig statue chiefly because Haig is bareheaded and isn't holding a map, and because his horse looks odd. The real critical barrage by a horsy expert came at length from Count Paul Rodzianko, formerly Director of the Irish Free State Cavalry School. According to the Count in an evening paper, Haig's horse is "anatomically impossible," its head "more grossly overbent than that of any circus horse," its muscular tensions all wrong, its legs "impossibly posed." Mr. Hardiman, whose dogged courage, patience and silence one can't but admire, seeing that his two previous models were rejected, has at least one small consolation: his work hasn't had to go for judgment before a typical fat-headed British jury, like Whistler's during his libel action against Ruskin, who accused him, if you remember, of flinging a paint-pot in the public's face. (Verdict for Whistler; damages One Farthing, after a lot of fun in Court.)

The sculptor's other, and greater, consolation, a very powerful one, is Time. The yelps will die down, the storm will pass, indifference will succeed to excitement, the gawping crowd will gawp elsewhere, and the Haig horse may possibly, like the Parthenon horses or the twin lions of Mycenæ, live to be conserved a couple of thousand years hence as a precious relic of a pretty rummy civilisation.

"Same perishin' sun, same perishin' sand, same perishin' faces"

"Bascombe, will the Wolves win away this week?"

Intrep — Sorry!

It's probably never occurred to you, lying back after lunch and fingering these pages with the rosy languor that comes of habitual over-eating—we 've seen you at it—it never occurs to you, we dare aver, that some of those brilliant BYSTANDER photographic studies by Norman Parkinson often cause Mr. Parkinson severe physical and mental discomfort in the taking. The other day he was anxious to get some really ritzy and superior angles from a flying-boat; so, in due course, a flying-boat took off, the pilots sitting snug inside the machine, Mr. Parkinson standing upright in a kind of hole right forward in the thing's nose. ("I believe it 's the hole where they keep the anchor," he explains.) With Mr. Parkinson thus standing head and shoulders to the wind, and holding his camera at the firing position, the machine dived and performed other fancy tricks at 150 m.p.h. or so, and the photographs were got. "Everything, including myself, took a bit of holding," reports Mr. Parkinson, and we believe him. He particularly bars the word "intrepid," rather unfortunately, because we rarely get a chance to use it, and we especially wanted to introduce "intrepid birdman" into this paragraph.

Les Fitness Girls

Few events of the past few days are still disturbing the judicious more than that phalanx of the Fitness Girls who marched in the last Lord Mayor's Show with "FITNESS WINS" embroidered on their virginal chests. Their expressions left no doubt in the beholder's mind that, whatever else fitness is, it certainly isn't fun. Not a smile nor a wink greeted the populace, so far as we could see from our window. The average London crowd is quite unabashed generally, and most of the other exhibits in the Show provoked a certain amount of homely badinage, but the stony expression of the Fitness Girls seemed to paralyse the populace. When a solitary voice from the kerb cried "Yoohoo, Blondie!" we held our breath, expecting that Amazonian column to bear instantly half-left and trample the offender underfoot in its stride. However, Les Girls ignored it and swung on, terrible as an army with banners; but we thought the new Lord Mayor looked a bit pale in his big Cinderella coach, as if some of his aldermen in romping mood had already taken the count.

Turning afterwards into a tavern to restore our shattered nerve, we came upon a quite delightful scene. The bar was jam-full of tremendous eighteenth-century figures in lace and plush and

powder and velvet, drinking from tankards, smoking, shouting, laughing, exchanging persiflage, mopping their brows, removing their wigs, hanging up their cocked hats, leaning on their gilt-headed canes, beguiling the time while my Lord Mayor was in the Law Courts. Pure Hogarth it looked, in that haze of smoke, and the odd thing is that most of these superb beings—their calves were stupendous—had real eighteenth-century faces. You couldn't resist some of that Old London feeling; nor the feeling that the Fitness Girls could eat all these chaps for breakfast if they liked.

On a Shiny Night

MIDNIGHT poaching-parties in Dorset and Wiltshire are keeping gamekeepers from their rest. The poachers, male and female, drive their cars to a selected point near a preserve, make a ring of headlights, and pop off anything which pops up or along, such as pheasants or rabbits. The difference between this type of poacher and the classic old moleskin-and-mystery type (which isn't extinct yet) is that the modern type runs little risk and knows nothing about woodcraft or the ways of animals. We used to know one of each kind. The advanced one drove a small car and operated with a kind of sawed-off Chicago "tommy" gun, complete with silencer. The old-fashioned one was just a wrinkled, cunning, silent peasant, the kind that has slouched round English land by night and pinched people's fish and game by hand since Hengist and Horsa. Their encounters in the village pub were like those of a cynical old country G.P. meeting a brisk, modern, young psychopath down from Town. The advanced type carefully avoided any gamekeeper who might be in the bar. The reactionary would give the enemy a surly nod and relapse into brooding with a secret grin. Fortune at length planked the wise, sound, old practitioner in quod; most unfairly, because he was a real bit of ancient England, full of woodland science and old country accomplishments, including thatching, wife-beating, bee-keeping and criminal assault.

Such characters belong to the immemorial soil, and we're sorry when they're nabbed, whereas who cares what happens to a gang of vulgarians blazing away at half-blinded pheasants—90 per cent. of them sitters, at that?

Chat

AT Windsor the other day, a gentleman was awarded a day's imprisonment for having a chat with Queen Victoria's statue on the Castle Hill. A passing policeman asked him what the idea was. The citizen replied, very properly, that it was rude to interrupt a talk between a lady and a gentleman; whereupon the policeman ran the citizen in. In our opinion this is simple tyranny, no law we know of making it illegal for citizens to hold conversations with statues, which are no dumber than many blondes you meet at parties, their share of the conversation being often about the same. But there is a type of primary mind which hates to see anyone talking to an inanimate object.

In the foyer of the old Adelphi hotel, mentioned in *Pickwick*, and recently pulled down, there was a grandfather clock and an aspidistra on a table in a brass pot. Most evenings round about half-past ten, you would find a citizen everybody knew holding long arguments with one or the other, or both; not heatedly or crossly, but genially, shaking his head and smiling indulgently at the things they said, and answering all their points with courtesy and care. Sometimes, pondering something the clock had said, he would express pleasure, surprise or dismay. Sometimes the aspidistra would bring up a topic which would sadden or distress him. Anyway, he enjoyed these chats, and none of the Adelphi habitués thought anything of it. Boorish newcomers might guffaw and accuse the citizen of being drunk or nuts, but he was neither, being just a man who liked the conversation of grandfather clocks and aspidistras.

Such is the dull, jeering mediocrity of the herd that it is impossible to address the least remark to a London statue without gathering a crowd. They do not understand.

Frolic Time

PROFESSOR J. B. S. HALDANE has just published a whimsy children's book, and Mr. J. W. ("Serialism") Dunne, the Time theorist, has done the same, a week later. The boys' subconscious idea is probably to convince themselves they're human, like Ruskin, who also wrote a children's fairy book. To unbend for a whimsy frolic merely because a brother in Science has successfully done so isn't always, however, the easy thing it looks. The case of Professor Leacock is outstanding. Observing the brilliant and profitable volumes of fun and nonsense Leacock turned out in his spare time, another professor, also a professional economist, thought he might as well do the same. So he did, and the book was the deadest flop imaginable, being excessively unfunny; which shows that not everything worked out by differential calculus brings home the bacon, which is just as well for poor unscientific devils who have to be funny to live.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Oh, you bad, naughty, wicked bassoon"

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

Sketches by Rouson

Mrs. Alving and Oswald (Marie Ney and Clifford Evans)

"Ghosts" (Vaudeville)

THERE are many reasons why you should see this revival, which, let it be said at once, is a landmark in the career of Miss Marie Ney. For one thing, Ibsen, the greatest playwright the world has produced since Shakespeare, is too seldom acted for the present opportunity to be missed. It is not as though you could see *Ghosts* last year and will be able to see it next. Whereas you can see Mr. Ivor Novello's latest every year all the year round.

For another thing, *Ghosts*, although it is no longer a scandal, which must have been fun, remains a great tragedy. Vain to reply that you don't want to be depressed. Great tragedy is not depressing, it is exhilarating. To declare that *Ghosts* at the Vaudeville is at least ten times as exhilarating as *Hide and Seek* at the Hippodrome is not to exaggerate. After *Hide and Seek* you go straight to bed. After *Ghosts* you sit up and talk. If you don't want to be exhilarated and would rather just be spoon-fed, farewell hope.

A THIRD reason for seeing *Ghosts* is, as I have indicated, that Miss Ney's acting as Mrs. Alving is acting of the first order. And what a part Mrs. Alving is when finely acted! No wonder every actress worth her salt aspires to it, as every actor worth his salt aspires to Hamlet.

In her passionate and self-sacrificing love for her wretched boy, Oswald, Mrs. Alving, masterfully drawn without a trace of sentiment, typifies Everymother. (Yes, *Ghosts* is actually a "mammy" play!) But in her intellectual bravery, her opposition to the conventions of law and order, her lonely quest for truth, she becomes completely individualised. No sooner does each fresh disaster fall about her ears than she applies her undaunted mind to discovering the cause and the remedy. And although Mrs. Alving's conclusions may sometimes be rash, they command our deepest admiration because the last person she considers in arriving at them is always herself.

IF Mrs. Alving had never borne a child, no doubt she would have been a New Woman. Her mistakes are all due to her passion for Oswald. It is for his sake that she creates the legend about her husband, it is for his sake that she explodes it, for his sake she urges temperance, for his sake she produces wine.

Perhaps the most touching and profound moment in the whole play occurs when, perceiving that the pleasure-loving recklessness she abhorred in the father has been handed down to the son she worships, she defends her son with the self-accusation that she never understood or made the allowances for her husband that she should have made.

We know that she is wrong. We know that Mr. Alving was as undesirable a husband as any husband could well be. And we are moved by a master-stroke of dramatic insight such as no playwright but Ibsen could ever have achieved.

MISS NEY'S performance is worthy of this part. Here are the independence and the bondage. Here is a fighter to the last stretch of the rack. And here, in the end, is the victory that can only be achieved by death. Although the other characters are played well enough, and the production is excellent, and the translation (bar modernisms) serves, I speak only of Miss Ney, for the night is hers. And yours, if you choose. If you don't—well, the finest art is accustomed to neglect, and will endure in spite of it.

Engstrand and Pastor Manders (Frederick Bennett and Stephen Murray)

Regina (Silvia Coleridge)

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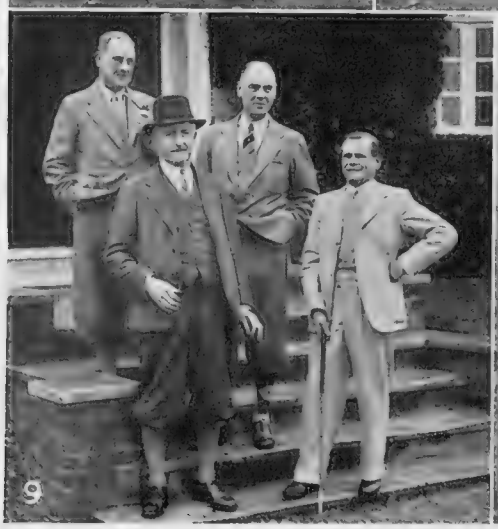
Golf Clubs at Home

West Herts, Cassiobury

This club was founded in 1890 by some residents of Bushey who leased ground to make a nine-hole course. The immediate popularity of the game caused the club to move in 1897 to Cassiobury Park, seat of the late Earl of Essex. Eighteen holes were laid out, thoroughly re-modelled in 1910, and the next year saw the building of a comfortable and gracious club-house. To-day, West Herts offers a good round of golf on some of the best turf in the country. The *Golf Illustrated* Gold Vase was played for there this year

(1) G. Inskipp (captain) and C. S. Guthrie. (2) Douglas Hurst-Flint and Charles Heald (ex-captain). (3) Major A. L. Donaldson (secretary) and A. Bellworthy (professional). (4) C. T. O'Callaghan. (5) C. G. Grainger. (6) J. T. Newman. (7) P. E. Rumsam. (8) G. G. Coles. (9) V. Hammick, F. Nairn, W. Yates, Jack Lee. (10) J. G. Munday. (11) A. H. Starnes, Percy Coles, Edward Smith (ex-captain)



This England . . .

In the Wye Valley

HOW does this England cheat us into loving her, despite her harsher disciplines. Flood, chill and tempest; fallen chimney pots and drenching grass, fog-bound streets and glassy roads — we groan under them. And on a sudden moment she gives us storm-wracked clouds mirror'd on a swol'n stream, blue-layered mist of evening against the dusky hills, the smell of wet earth and fires of wood, to catch us up again in love. Disciplined we must be or our own green land would be a desert; it is from the fields and the beasts of the fields that come our greatest comforts — from the warm coat upon your back to the golden Worthington that gives you heart for the storms of to-morrow.

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Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

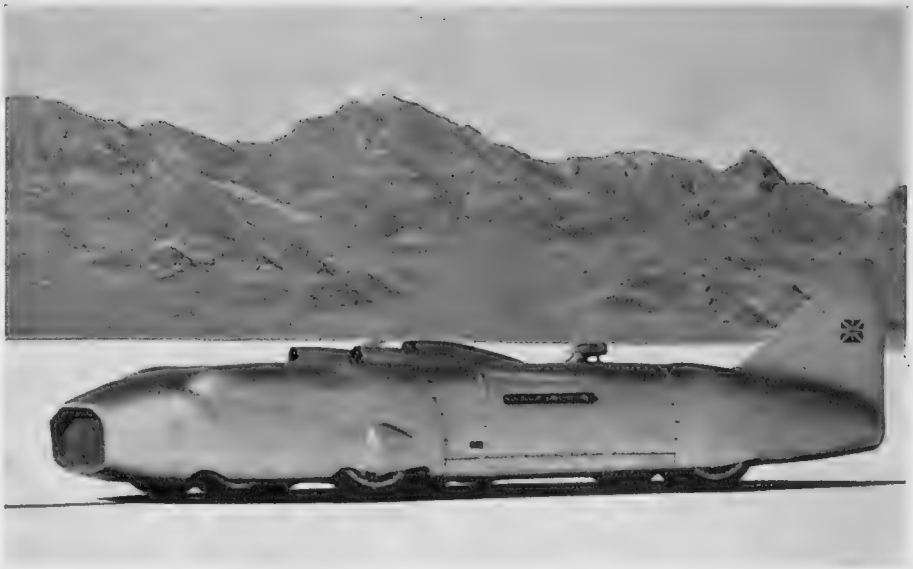
IT really is extraordinary the devious ways by which things come to light. Believe it or not, but it was not until the German Auto-Union wizard, Berud Rosemeyer, electrified the world a week or so back by travelling at 253 m.p.h. on an autobahn, and annexed a number of records, that an anomalous position existing in the motoring records list became apparent.

Altogether, Rosemeyer captured two world's and thirteen international class records; but it is with the world's records that we are particularly concerned. One was over a distance of one kilometre, and the other one mile—both from a standing start. Over the kilometre, Rosemeyer averaged 117·245 m.p.h., and over the mile, 138·68 m.p.h.

Now, the official archives of the Royal Automobile Club reveal that the previous holder of the kilometre record was Hans Stuck (Auto-Union), at 101·56 m.p.h., and the mile previously stood to the credit of Rudolf Caracciola (Mércèdes-Benz), at 117.23 m.p.h. Yet against this is the Reuter message sent from Rio de Janeiro on June 9th last proclaiming that Hans Stuck had broken both these records at 106·87 m.p.h. and 125·70 m.p.h. respectively.

Now just what, I wonder, is the explanation? Did the international body forget to ratify Stuck's figures? I can hardly imagine the Auto-Union concern permitting this. Did the intimation of the records from the Association Internationale des Automobile-Clubs Reconnus to the R.A.C. miscarry? I can scarcely conceive the possibility. Or—and this, I think, is the most likely solution—did Stuck go out for these records and clock the figures quoted by Reuter's message in one direction and, travelling slower on his return run, fail to register a mean speed fast enough to beat the records then standing?

One thing is certain: either Reuter or the R.A.C. is wrong. So far as I am concerned, you are at liberty to "take your choice" without "paying your money"!



The "Thunderbolt" on the salt flats: Captain George Eyston's first attempt on the land record at Bonneville Salt Flats, Utah, resulted in a one-way run of 310·68, but clutch trouble prevented his making the distance in the other direction, thus robbing him temporarily of an official record

THE Veteran Car Run to Brighton last Sunday was, as usual, grand fun. The good-natured tolerance of the police and of all road-users encountered en route made the drivers' task a far lighter one than that of many drivers of the 1938 cars customarily to be found on this inadequate highway on a Sunday forenoon, and there is no denying the increasing appeal of this run for the ordinary man-in-the-street as a spectacle. Tens of thousands of motorists and others lined the roadway the entire way from Hyde Park to Brighton, and the

(*Concluded on page ii*)

SWITZERLAND

Best value in Winter Sports

The exchange is favourable and prices are very reasonable

Inexpensive Travel, direct rail and air services, no formalities with money. Excellent Ski "Schools"—Best Ski terrain.

- **BERNE**—The Charming Capital. Break the journey to the Oberland there.
- **BERNESE OBERLAND**—Famous Winter Sports Region. Mountain railways and funiculars issue sport season tickets at reduced rates for all resorts as Adelboden, Beatenberg, Gricsalp, Grimmialp, Grindelwald, Gstaad, Gsteig, Jungfraujoch, Kl. Scheidegg, Kandersteg, Lauterbrunnen, Lenk, Mürren, Rosenlaui, Saanenmoser, Schwarzwaldalp, Wengen, Wengernalp, Zweisimmen.
- **GRISONS**—A paradise for downhill ski-running from December till April. Easy to reach by rail and air. Finest mountain railway service. Cheap Season Tickets. A host of delightful winter sports centres, including AROSA (6000 ft.), DAVOS (5200 ft.), ST. MORITZ (6000 ft.), KLOSTERS (4000 ft.), LENZERHEIDE (5000 ft.), PONTRESINA (6000 ft.), cater for every pocket. Swiss Ski Schools. International Contests in all Winter Sports.
- **VAUDOIS ALPS & JURA**—VILLARS—CHESIERES—BRETAYE 4300 ft.—6600 ft. 10 hrs. sun—Elec. Rlys.—Ski Funis—Ski & Skating Schools—Curling. ST. CERGUE 3600 ft. 10 hrs. sun. Elec. Rly. to La Givrine.
- **VALAIS ALPS**—Region of sunshine and the big peaks. Champery 3450 ft., Finhaut 4060 ft., Verbier 5000 ft., Crans s. Sierre 5000 ft., Montana 5000 ft., Zermatt 5320 ft., Münster 4450 ft.
- **CENTRAL SWITZERLAND**—Very accessible. ENGELBERG 3450 ft., ANDERMATT 4740 ft., RIGI 4700 ft.
- Travel on the comfortable, heated Swiss Postal Motors.

INFORMATION: Swiss Federal Railways and State Travel Bureau, 11-B Regent St., S.W.1, Railway Continental Enquiry Offices & Travel Agents.

What every woman knows . .

A MAN WITH big responsibilities needs all the protection from disturbing influences that thoughtful care can give him. His home is run with smooth efficiency. What takes him to and from it? Just a car — or a restful, light and airy "room" that nurses his vitality with soothing quietness. A woman sees the advantage of a Wolseley Limousine — the most luxuriously comfortable and distinguished "25" among modern town carriages — from the right perspective. Motoring is so much part of life nowadays that it should match (she feels) the comfort of her home. And in lending her influence to the purchase of a Wolseley Limousine she is unobtrusively enlarging the sphere of her constant care.

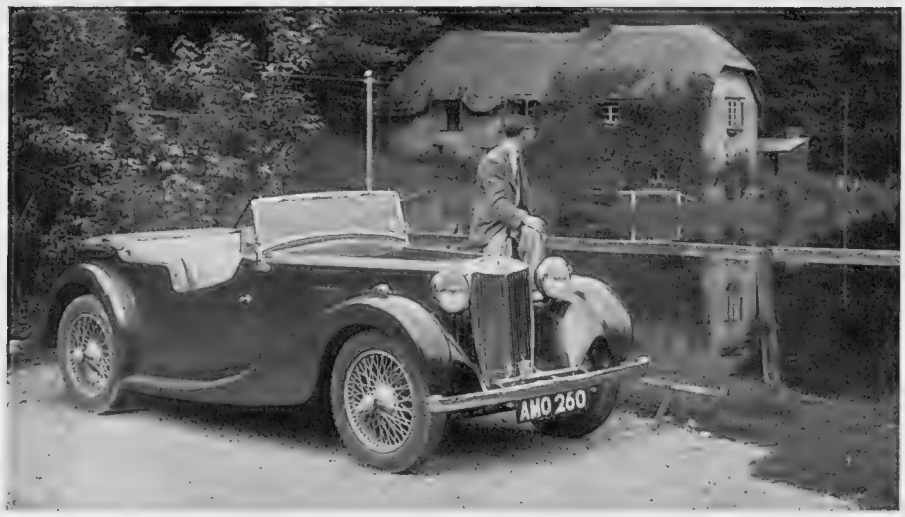
The Wolseley 25 h.p. Super Six Limousine costs £750 . . . Super Six Saloons from £380. All Super Sixes are available for "Owner Contact", an efficiency-maintaining service you should enquire about. Wolseley cars are fitted with Dunlop tyres, Triplex glass and Jackalls.

WOLSELEY MOTORS LIMITED, WARD END, BIRMINGHAM, 8
London Distributors . . . . . Eustace Watkins, Limited. Berkeley Street, W.1.
Sole Exporters: M.I.E., Limited, Cowley, Oxford, England.

BETTER BUILT. A BRITISH CAR

WOLSELEY

THE TRUSTWORTHY CAR



An M.G. 1½-litre tourer at Amesbury, Wilts

Motoring Commentary *(Continued from page 308)*

oft-times halting and stentorous progress of the old crocks was greeted everywhere by cheers and smiles of encouragement.

So great is the interest shown nowadays in these cars of a bygone age that the Daimler Company is trying to compile a list of all pre-1900 cars, with a view to maintaining contact with their owners, so that if the vehicles are ever in danger of being broken up, efforts may be made to secure their preservation in local museums. It would be a pity if, years hence, we suddenly awoke to find that most relics of Britain's early motoring history had vanished for ever.

To avoid misconceptions regarding ages of veteran cars, it should be pointed out that the first four-wheeled petrol-driven car ever made in this country was built by the three brothers Lanchester, early in 1896, at Coventry. It may surprise motorists to know that it had epicyclic gears, worm drive, live axle, tangent wire wheels, pneumatic tyres, mechanically controlled lubrication, and a roller-bearing gear-box. It had a 6-h.p. engine. This car is now preserved at the Daimler and Lanchester works in Coventry, and they are always glad to show it to visitors.

Beside the brothers Lanchester, the "Great Horseless Carriage Company" and the Daimler Company were both pioneering in the year 1896. The Great Horseless Carriage Company, alas! died without having produced—or at any rate having sold—a single car. The Daimler Company, however, produced a 6-h.p. twin-cylinder "wagonette" a few months after the brothers Lanchester. This interesting relic the Daimler Company was successful in locating not long ago, and so the first two British motor-cars are now preserved alongside each other. These three companies, incidentally, were all working in Coventry.

Many cars were produced by Lanchester, Panhard, Mors, Benz, Daimler, and others between 1896 and 1900, when motoring had become so popular that the Automobile Club was able to organise a trial of 1000 miles.

Not long ago, it would have been true to say that the one component of the modern car which lagged furthest behind in general development was the dynamo. But all this is changed now, for in the last few years electrical engineering research has given us improvements which have converted all the "maybe" features of the nineteen-twenties into items of the most detailed refinement.

This was brought home to me particularly forcibly at the recent Motor Show, when, on the Lucas Company's stand, I saw a demonstration of their thermostatically-compensated voltage-control system. This sounds fearsome, but in effect is a device which entirely automatically regulates the amount of charge which is passed into the car battery.

In the cold winter weather, with its longer hours of darkness, the control system boosts the charge—the colder the conditions the greater the boost—while under hot climatic or atmospheric conditions, the rate of charge adjusts itself to a diminished output. Apart from the obvious advantages of this device, it will be appreciated that in winter the battery has to take an increased load when the car is started from cold, while in summer a lesser rate of charge is required, because, owing to longer hours of light, it is spread over a greater number of motored miles. This highly ingenious Lucas voltage-control system is fitted to scores of thousands of British cars—*and I wonder how many owners of them know it?*

MONTE CARLO

CALENDAR

WINTER SEASON 1937-38

SOCIAL EVENTS: Hotel de Paris—opening Gala, *December 20*; INTERNATIONAL SPORTING CLUB—OPENING OF THE SEASON, *December 22*; Christmas Gala, *December 24*; New Year's Gala, *December 31*; International Bridge Tournament, *during January*; Monaco National Fête, *January 17*.

SPORT: Monte Carlo Country Club (Tennis) Club Championships, *January 24-30*; INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT (Butler Trophy and Beaumont Cup), *February 28—March 6*; Easter Tournament, *April 18-24*; Monte Carlo Golf Club—Windsor Challenge Cup, *February 12*; Sporting Club Cup, *February 19*; Bystander Mixed Foursomes, *March 17*; MONTE CARLO MOTOR RALLY, *January 29*.

MUSIC and THEATRE: Concerts (conducted by Bruno WALTER)—Recitals by KREISLER, CORTOT, THIBAUD and BRAILOWSKY; Wagner Festival; Opera — Season opens with WAGNER'S "RING," in German, by Bayreuth Opera Company, under Franz von Hoesslin, *January 22*; "Tristan and Isolde," *January 29*; Creation "Andersen's Tales," (Grieg - Music) *February 27*; Comedy and Operetta Season, *December 18—January 24*; SACHA GUITRY, *January 20*; Comédie Française—official performances *during February*.

There are no better Hotels in the world than the HOTEL DE PARIS *and the* HOTEL HERMITAGE *at Monte Carlo—and their prices are not at all exorbitant. There are other good Hotels there—both large and small—full particulars of which can be obtained from Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son, Limited, and all Travel Agencies.*

Air-Route Developments

By Charles Ward

Towards South America

THE establishment of a direct air route between England and West Africa must precede that across the South Atlantic, and a survey party, including Mr. W. D. Roberts, who is vice-chairman of British Airways, is on its way to Freetown for the purpose of examining the ground and water facilities between that city and Bathurst. It is not yet known whether landplanes or flying-boats will be used. Much depends on the opportunities which the coast affords for emergency halts. When Sir Alan Cobham made his flight round Africa in the Short "Singapore" ten years ago, he wrote an exhaustive report on the West African coast, coming to the conclusion that flying-boats were needed. But the tremendous strides made in design and performance since that date have given an advantage to the landplane when mails only are being considered. The company will have a de Havilland "Albatross" for its initial flights in the spring. Scheduled landings on the completed route will be made at Lisbon, Bathurst or Freetown, Natal in Brazil, Rio de Janeiro, and Buenos Aires. At present only the French and Germans cover this route, the former with both land and sea aircraft, and the latter with land aircraft to the shore base and flying-boats across the water. Air France offer passages to the Congo in four days and to Nigeria and the Gold Coast in three. Their line to Dakar, in Senegal, has been operating for many years as a mail service—now Aeromaritime gives a connection with Sikorsky flying-boats, south across the Equator, to Pointe Noire, on the Congo.

The Cape record-breakers with their de Havilland "Comet," the veteran which won the International Race to Australia in 1934. Flying-Officer Clouston flew Mrs. Kirby-Green from London to Cape Town in less than 2 days, at an average speed of 177 miles an hour

Another Australian Flight

NO attempt on a record this time—just a flight of survey by Imperial Airways to test the through route with one of the "Empire"-class boats that will take the mails next year. The journey will be made over the old route as far as Darwin, after which there is a 400-mile flight overland to the Gulf of Carpentaria, and another of equal length from the Gulf to the Pacific side of Australia. Then south to Brisbane and Sydney, with further landings in Tasmania, and finally in New Zealand. The boat may be based in Australia for some time, as survey flights to China, Japan, and across the Pacific to the States and Canada are contemplated. "Cambria," one of the two long-range boats, is to test the mid-air fuelling system perfected by Sir Alan Cobham for Imperial Airways. The Mayo "composite" had not flown at the time these notes were written, but its trial is due

(Concluded on page vi)

EVERY GENUINE MOTOLUXE BEARS THIS LABEL

MOTOLUXE
THE SNUGGEST OF RUGS

Other Motoluxe Productions

Footmuffs to match the Rugs - 39/6
Baby Carriage Rugs - - 29/6
Gauntlet Gloves - - - 21/-
Ladies' Coats from - - - 4 gns.
Men's Coats - - - - 9 gns.

Agents Everywhere.

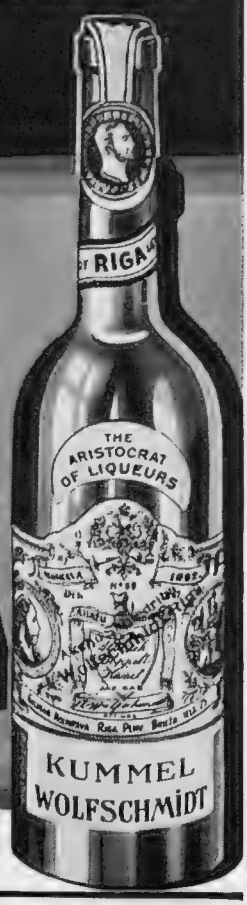
Write for the latest Illustrated Booklet of all Motoluxe Products to:—

LEE BROTHERS (Overwear) LTD., QUEEN ST. WORKS, CAMDEN TOWN, LONDON, N.W.1

WOLFSCHMIDT
RIGA
KUMMEL

The Aristocrat of Liqueurs

THE ORIGINAL KUMMEL FROM RIGA SINCE 1847.



Obtainable from all leading Hotels, Restaurants and Wine Merchants.

BY APPOINTMENT

THE SAFETY OF 'THE MOST INTERESTING CAR OF THE YEAR'

SPORTS SALOON - £485

A point of vital interest in this interesting new Daimler '15' is its combination of power and liveliness with utter safety. The automatic brakes will stop the car in **30 feet from 30 m.p.h.** She holds the road like any racing car; on fast bends she behaves as though on rails — without roll or sway or slide. And no method of body construction has yet been invented that is safer than the Daimler principle of reinforcing special process steel with toughened wood. Daimler's own standards of comfort and taste have been wedded to a performance demanded by a new generation of motorists. The steering is featherlight yet positive. She floats serenely over worse surfaces than ever she is likely to meet.

Four lines of research — patient modification of a sound system of independent front wheel springing, long experiment with torsional sway control, distribution and re-distribution of weight and inter-axle seating — have resulted in undoubtedly 'the most interesting car of the year.'

- **Independent front wheel springing**
- **Anti-roll control bars front and rear**
- **Inter-axle seating. Positive steering**
- **Daimler Fluid Flywheel Transmission with pre-selective self-changing gearbox**

(Licensed under Vulcan-Sinclair and Daimler patents)

THE NEW Daimler 'FIFTEEN'

(16.2 H.P.) SIX-LIGHT SALOON **£475**

British Cars Last Longer

See this car at your nearest distributor or write to THE DAIMLER COMPANY LIMITED, COVENTRY, *and arrange a trial*

OF COURSE YOU CAN COME TO

ESTORIL

Portugal is a quiet, orderly country and Estoril, 14 miles from Lisbon, its most pleasant resort, the same as always: sunshine all day long, blue skies, blue seas, wonderful golf (18 holes), a modern casino, excellent hotels and comfortable pensions at moderate prices, a thermal establishment, an indoor swimming pool, and bathing beach—of course you can come! Think of what a fortnight of sunshine and rest in mid-winter means. And the cruise from London costs only seven pounds. Trains run daily from Lisbon to Paris and from Paris to Lisbon. An Air Service to all parts of Europe (three times weekly).

Average temperature in winter, 54°F.

Average hours of sun daily during winter, 6 to 8 hours.

For information: Casa de Portugal, 20, Regent Street, London, or Propaganda Soc.—Estoril—Portugal.

Air-Route Developments *(Continued from page iv)*

almost any day. Meantime, "Ensign," first of the 21-ton monoplanes, has emerged from its hiding-place and is due for flight trials next month. Fourteen of these land aircraft are being built by Armstrong-Whitworth at Hamble.

To the Cape in Two Days

THE amazing "Comet" has brought fresh laurels to the house of de Havilland—from Croydon to Cape Town in 45 hours is fast flying. It was the same machine as that used by Scott and Black from Mildenhall to Melbourne, and by Clouston, its present pilot, in the French race to Damascus and back this summer, when it took fourth place in competition with modern French and Italian racers. Later model Gipsy Six engines have been fitted since 1934—also de Havilland variable-pitch airscrews. Flying-Officer Clouston and Mrs. Kirby-Green had luck with the weather over Africa, but it was a fine feat of navigation and endurance to break Miss Amy Johnson's record by some 33 hours. Dinner in London, Khartoum and Cape Town on three successive nights seems unbelievable. The flyers talked of returning to London by Saturday last, but the weather at this time of year is unlikely to be kind twice.

The central hall of the airport at Le Bourget. The new building is far and away the largest and most completely equipped in the world. Its frontage on the aerodrome is 700 feet and the depth is 100 feet. The opening ceremony was performed by M. Albert Lebrun, the President of France

New Trainers

SOMETHING new and rather uncanny has been added to the equipment of British Airways for training their pilots in blind flying and landing. The Link Trainer is a piece of ground equipment, fitted with every instrument in use in a modern liner, the cockpit resembling exactly that in which the pilot sits in the air. By an ingenious mechanism, the Trainer "flies," and the pupil under the lid has to control its movement by means of instruments alone. Bumps are reproduced with amazing accuracy, and even spins have to be corrected. British Airways' school is at Gatwick, but will be transferred to Heston very shortly. Chief instructor is A. R. O. MacMillan, who was with A.S.T. at Hamble for six years. Two Fokkers have been allotted to the school, each fitted for night flying, blind approach, and landing. Air-line work has become so complicated that some sort of specialised training has been needed for a long time. K.L.M., the Royal Dutch line, has invested in an American trainer, the Stearman-Hammond, which is a pusher with a third wheel under the nose of the fuselage. I referred some weeks ago to the experiments made by General Aircraft, of Hanworth, with a tricycle undercarriage. This form of landing-gear is likely to assume sudden popularity. New four-engined American liners on order for K.L.M. will embody the feature, which makes the take-off and the landing much simpler, especially in conditions of bad visibility. The Hammond was designed for safer flying by amateurs. The fact that its cockpit resembles that of a liner as regards position and view makes it most suitable for all forms of training.

MARTINI
VERMOUTH

Discriminating drinkers insist on cocktails made with *real* Martini. No other Vermouth has the same appetising, digestive, tonic effect. No other has the same mellow wine and health-giving herbs.
Sweet, 4/6 per Litre; Dry, 5/6 per Litre.
From Wine Merchants Everywhere.
FREE! Gracie Fields' booklet "The Art of Entertaining" containing delightful cocktail recipes sent on request.—MARTINI & ROSSI, Brettenham House, Strand, London, W.C.2.

THE COCKTAIL HOUR

BY APPOINTMENT

It's the Cocktail Custom

The Cocktail Cabinet meeting has declared in favour of 'Canadian Club.' This great Empire whisky has proved its case at the bar. It has been admitted to membership of the most exclusive Clubs. 'Canadian Club' makes brighter better cocktails.

"CANADIAN CLUB"
Whisky
Essential for Cocktails

Hiram Walker & Sons Ltd., 170-3 Piccadilly, *Distillery*, Walkerville, Ontario, Canada. Est. 1858

Giving Presents?—Remember These

Five Charities whose Present Need is Great

CHRISTMAS is a month away and the geese are getting fat—for those who can afford them. So it is also the time to bring again to your notice the needs of some of the organisations whose care is those who cannot afford fat geese—or even bread and butter.

Dr. Barnardo's Homes

THE joy and excitement attending Christmas festivities is no more in evidence than when there is a company of children. There is one well-known family—the largest in the world, in fact—where Christmas is of special significance, for during the season of gift-giving and receiving this particular family never really knows how it is going to fare.

If you feel you can spare a little towards alleviating the anxieties of those responsible for the well-being of this great family of girls and boys, please send it in time for Christmas. The family is Dr. Barnardo's Homes, and the address to which Christmas cheques and postal orders should be sent is Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

The Church Army

THIS organisation carries out many activities at Christmas-time, under the inspired leadership of Prebendary Carlile. In C.A. homes for motherless children, in the sanatorium, in the Junior Alexandra Club, by the Better Britain Brigade (the C.A. Youth Organisation), and at St. Monica's Home, Croydon, Christmas will be really kept with "Santa Claus" and happy Christmas parties. Christmas hampers and fuel for fireless grates are sent out in large numbers.

But all these activities depend on the fighting fund at the disposal of this gallant band of enemies of misery, and so indirectly they depend upon you. You need only turn to the telephone book to see what a big entry the Church Army has, and how many branches need your help. The head office is at 55, Bryanston Street, W.1.

The Silver Lady Fund

MISS BETTY BAXTER—or, to give her the title by which she is better known and loved by her humble friends, the Silver Lady—commenced her campaign among London's "down-and-outs" by driving nightly to Charing Cross. Here she would round up the "dossers" and at the neighbouring coffee-stall provide them with a free meal and a gift of silver to purchase a night's shelter. The numbers of her protégés have grown apace, and she, and they, are in constant need of your help. Her offices are at 6, Tudor Street, E.C.4.

The National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children

FOR many of the children of our land the coming of this Society fifty-three years ago meant the raising of the standard of child life. Children did not know it, but the public soon realised that a new force had come into existence, and those who had forgotten children's rights soon began to mend their ways.

This national work is greatly in need of help, and the Director, William J. Elliott, O.B.E., will gladly acknowledge gifts addressed to him at the Society's offices, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.

The John Pounds Mission

FINALLY, may we commend the varied activities of "The John Pounds Mission"? For over thirty years mainly voluntary workers have carried out a work of benevolence amongst the poorest families in Stepney, the second poorest borough in London. At Christmas the activities—and consequently the needs—of this organisation are much increased. Contributions should be sent to John Pounds Mission, Wellesley Street, Stepney, E.1.

is given free to hundreds of homeless and hungry men and women from

THE SILVER LADY'S ALL-NIGHT TRAVELLING CAFÉ

which has never failed them yet.

Over 80,000 Free Meals and 36,000 Bed and Breakfast tickets given this year

Please help by sending a Xmas Gift of money to MISS BETTY BAXTER.

THE SILVER LADY FUND, 6, TUDOR STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.

Dr BARNARDO'S *Homes*

once again earnestly appeal for CHRISTMAS GIFTS towards the feeding, clothing, housing, educating and training of their great family of

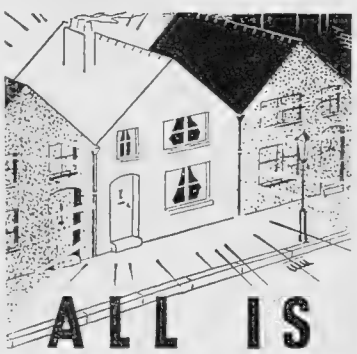
8,200 DESTITUTE BOYS and GIRLS.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS of

10/-

would be very acceptable.

Cheques, etc. (crossed), payable Dr. Barnardo's Homes, should be sent to:—
74 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.



ALL IS CHANGED

In this home there was little hope of any Christmas celebration, beyond last year's tinsel and a few sweets for the children.

But now, all is changed. They are on the Church Army Parcel List which means that Christmas for them will indeed be Christmas.

The Church Army hopes that thousands of other needy homes will have Christmas Parcels . . . . but only your help can fulfil this hope.

£5 would mean ten Parcels. Ten Parcels would mean a Happy Christmas for ten poor families. Please send a gift now to Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D., 55, Bryanston St., London, W.1.

CHURCH ARMY

THEIR NAME

but not their love

The laughter of children dies when parents, unmindful of their trust, become neglectful and (unbelievable, yet true) frequently brutal to their offspring. Such little ones know more of blows than of love. The N.S.P.C.C., through its 270 "Children's Men," by persuasion rather than prosecution, every year helps many thousands of children to happier lives.

Please help this great work with a Christmas gift to William J. Elliott, O.B.E., Director, National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.

N·S·P·C·C

THE SAFE, SENSIBLE WAY to treat colds

VAPEX

BRAND TRADE MARK INHALANT

Why suffer the discomfort of a cold for a minute longer than necessary ? Vapex clears the head—relieves stuffiness and eases the breathing. By inhaling Vapex from your handkerchief, you reach every congested part of the nose and throat, destroying the germs and thus removing the infection.

Deep inhaling with Vapex is the logical way to attack a cold—a method that is safe and sure, and which does not contain harmful drugs.

Cold germs are everywhere

You can catch a cold wherever people gather. In train and 'bus, in theatre or cinema, millions of germs are breathed into—*and from*—the air. Then, if you are run down, worried or undernourished, you will catch colds.

Use Vapex as a preventative—a drop on your handkerchief for day long protection.

VAPEX KILLS GERMS

You can feel Vapex doing you good — feel your discomfort slipping away from you. For 21 years Vapex has been clearing colds. All over the world many thousands of people use Vapex at the first sign of a cold. Many thousands more use it regularly to prevent colds.

Off to School with Vapex

Classrooms are notorious for spreading colds. A little Vapex on the handkerchief . . . with instructions to breathe from it occasionally . . . will keep your children free from colds.

VAPEX INHALANT

DOES NOT CONTAIN ANY DANGEROUS DRUGS

READ THIS TESTIMONIAL FROM THE MATRON OF A NURSING HOME

"I used to suffer dreadfully from colds but have not had one for four years, entirely due to using Vapex. I advise all my patients and friends to use it.

—B. S., Burnham-on Sea

A DROP ON YOUR HANDKERCHIEF BY DAY AND ON YOUR PILLOW AT NIGHT

It is a sensible precaution to have Vapex handy in the house. Put a bottle in reserve —today— and be ready for prompt action. In its earliest stages a cold is easiest to dispel.

Of all Chemists 2/- & 3/-

V171 THOMAS KERFOOT & Co., LTD

Approved by doctors
Famous for 50 years

YOUR CHEMIST SELLS

RENDELLS

Banal Story *(Continued from page 282)*

"That 's fine," I say, "go on." So he looks at me and starts talking again. "Well, this upsets me," he says. "I mean, I got my pride, and I got a reputation and a position in the neighbourhood to think of, me being a man of responsibilities and ejucation, see ? *And* the only guy in the building not behind with the rent. Besides," he says, "I 'm sensitive, too." And I look sideways at him and he looks as sensitive as a bison, if you can imagine a bison as small as this guy is. "So I just brood about it," he goes on, "and wonder what I better do for the best. I don't want to do anything silly, or in a hurry, because that will just drive my wife out, see—women being like that. And so I just wait, and say nothing, like the psylogical perfessors say is the best way in cases like this. But one day I come home and find my wife has gone off with this Greek with the name ending with 'poulos.' And she has gone off and left me flat—so psylogy, my foot ! "

"Well," I say, and think this story is going good, "what do you do then ? "

"Me ? " he says. "What do I do ? Well, I tell you. I get mad at first and start in looking for the Greek without really knowing what I will do if I find him. Then I quit my job to wait around for him. And though I do this for weeks I never even see him, and all that time I am thinking about my wife and how handsome she is and about how it used to be for us, and this is very sad, mister."

And as I look at him beside me on the street-car, I seem to imagine him, this little dark guy and his wife, being together, two small people in the great city—all that stuff.

"Well," he starts off again, "one night I am sitting in the window of my apartment watching the L-trains and that, and I am miserable as hell, and suddenly I see this Greek guy. And he is standing on the corner of the sidewalk just below me, rolling a cigarette. And when I see him I go hot and cold all over with hating him so much. And I get up and think I will go down in the street and tell him what I think of guys that take other guys' wives away from them. And then I reckon that 's silly, because this Poulos is kind of much bigger than me, see, the way I told you. And then I remember the gun I always kept in the drawer back of where I keep the bills and receipts and things. And though it is some time since I looked at the gun, I guess it will still be there all right, and when I go and look in the drawer I find that it is. So I run back to the window, very excited and mad and not thinking about anything in the world except putting a slug into that Poulos guy. And I stand there in the window of the place, pointing the gun at him, and then I think : 'Well,' I think, 'there you are, you louse, there you are, alive and not knowing that all I got to do is pull this trigger and turn you into a body lying on the sidewalk.' and then I think about my wife, and all the lousy breakfasts I have been having since I been getting them myself. And I pull the trigger."

Then he stops talking and blows his nose very loud. And I get kind of startled. "Hey ! " I say. "You mean, you mean—you pulled off the gun ? You mean you *killed* this Greek ? For Heaven's sake ! " I say.

But he just smiles kind of sad again. "Oh, no," he says, "I didn't kill him. The gun wasn't loaded. I must have forgot it wasn't loaded when I pointed it at him."

"The gun wasn't loaded," I say. And he says "No." "Now you see," he says again, "now you see what I mean. There isn't any sort of a story in this that anybody can write, because this is the way things happen. My wife 's still with the Poulos guy, now, and I 'm still a waiter, see ? "

"And you ain't sore any more ? " I say to him.

And he stands up from his seat. "No, I guess not," he says. "No, I guess I 'm not sore even. Though that wife of mine 's a fine woman, too ; weighs a hundred-and-eighty now, if she weighs a pound. But I ain't sore, mister. And I get off here, too," he says. "Good-night." And he nods at me and gets off the car and walks away.

So I just sit there and think about what he has told me. And though I have troubled to write it all down there doesn't seem to be a story in it any way you look at it. So I guess that little waiter guy is right. Hell !

THE END.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, *32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON . NOVEMBER

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

Address .....

.....

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B.K.1. (*Below*). Smart well-tailored Frock in plaid Jersey. The zip-fastened neck can be worn open if desired. In gay plaid designs on ground colours navy, green or brown. Sizes: S.W. and W. 60/-

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The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

November 24—November 30

First Night and Matinee dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

AUTUMN.—A dramatic plot overladen with jealousy gives Flora Robson, Wyndham Goldie and Victoria Hopper the chances that they all take: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

BLACK LIMELIGHT.—Margaret Rawlings has a strong part round which pivots an intelligent and effective thriller: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BONNET OVER THE WINDMILL.—Dodie Smith's newest aims higher than her others, with Anne Firth in a delicate exposition of youthful passion; Ivy St. Helier, Cecil Parker, Peter Coke: New, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CYMBELINE.—Shaw has adapted Shakespeare's play: Embassy, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

GHOSTS.—The Buxton production of Ibsen's gloomiest, with Marie Ney, Stephen Murray, and Clifford Evans: Vaudeville, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HABIMA PLAYERS.—This celebrated company from Tel-Aviv gives a repertory season in Yiddish: Savoy, 8.30.

I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE.—Priestley's finest play inspires Wilfrid Lawson to great acting; Patricia Hilliard, Lewis Casson, William Fox contribute notably: Royalty, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

IT 'S A WISE CHILD.—Eugene O'Neill's play is about love and a lie: Garrick, 8.30. Mon., Thurs., 2.30.

MACBETH.—Laurence Olivier and Judith Anderson lead, Saint-Denis produced, Motley decorated: Old Vic, 8. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA.—This Eugene O'Neill has a grim and exciting story to tell: Westminster, 8.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares in a play by St. John Ervine: Globe, 8.30.

THE SILENT KNIGHT.—Humbert Wolfe's play in witty verse is beautifully decorated and dressed, elegantly acted by Diana Wynyard, Ralph Richardson, Margaretta Scott: St. James's, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TIME AND THE CONWAYS.—Priestley's play has almost a Russian tang and a curious time trick; not popular fare, but provocative, with Jean Forbes-Robertson and Barbara Everest: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

VICTORIA REGINA.—This episodic domestic history of a royal couple is superb stagecraft; Pamela Stanley and Carl Esmond excellent as Victoria and Albert, settings by Whistler: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Full of human values, this long-runner is about a family dominated by its grand matriarch (Nancy Price): Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

YES AND NO.—Fantasticated love-tangle makes an amusing evening with Mary Jerrold, Felix Aylmer, Diana Churchill, Rene Ray: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

BALALAIKA.—Colourful and fairly tuneful romance of the Russian revolution has Roger Treville and Muriel Angelus in the lead, Clifford Mollison in the funny part: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CREST OF THE WAVE.—Abundant and heavy with romantic outcrops, it is in the Drury Lane tradition; Dorothy Dickson, Ivor Novello, Marie Löhr and elegant chorus: Drury Lane, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOING GREEK.—Leslie Henson and his faithful Gaiety Company are above their own high standard in this riotous musical: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HIDE AND SEEK.—A musical with all the virtues and vices of its kind; Cicely Courtneidge, Bobby Howes and an excellent chorus being of the former: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

IT 'S IN THE BAG.—Brightly coloured and ingenious revue will make a pleasant and not taxing evening; Elisabeth Welch, Gene Sheldon: Saville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE LAUGHING CAVALIER.—Irene Eisinger, Arthur Margetson, Nora Swinburne lead a strong cast in a tuneful and clever piece about Frans Hals: Adelphi, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 98.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

ST. MORITZ.—Pamela Prior heads the skating and other stars in this winter sports spectacle with a real ice stage: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.15.

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Mirth and Mystery

BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON.—Basil Foster and Ethel Glendinning as Dorothy Sayers' ready-made but amusing detective couple: Victoria Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Rex Harrison and Kay Hammond lead the hilarious cast in this long-running laughter-maker: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—Jane Baxter and Ronald Ward, Noël Howlett and Joyce Barbour lead the cast in a roaring comedy in which nothing happens: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE GUSHER.—Pure episodic melodrama, swift in action and spectacular in production, has Christine Barry, Jack Livesey and Ivan Samson in the leads: Princes, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's joyful school-life comedy continues with Frederick Leister, J. H. Roberts, John Ford: Aldwych, 8.30 Wed., Sat., 2.30.

"It's in the Bag!"

Diana Chase and Gene Sheldon are singing "Let's Go Bye-Bye on a Bicycle," one of the amusing and often witty numbers of the revue at the Saville

IT 'S YOU I WANT.—Seymour Hicks makes a bright success of a farce whose chief advantage is his acting and Miss Jane Carr's: Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LONDON RHAPSODY.—The Crazy Gang is up to its old tricks in a number of rhapsodic or otherwise scenes Palladium, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE PHANTOM LIGHT.—Edna Best and Gordon Harker get into trouble in a mystery lighthouse: Haymarket. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

A SPOT OF BOTHER.—Alfred Drayton and Robertson Hare and some smugglers cause the bother in an out and-out farce: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THINK OF A NUMBER.—Winifred Shotter, Douglas Byng and Sara Allgood in a farcical comedy that gathers speed after hesitations: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

WANTED FOR MURDER.—An ingenious thriller gives Louise Hampton, Arthur Sinclair, Austin Trevor good parts; Terence de Marney draws the maniac murderer skilfully: Lyceum, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

PEOPLE AT SEA.—Priestley's third play has an old situation—characters adrift in a liner—and Edward Chapman and Vivienne Bennett in the cast: Apollo, to-night, 24th.

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.—The Gielgud repertory season's second production: Queen's, Thurs., 25th.

THANK YOU, MR. PEPYS.—Edmund Gwenn plays the diarist from the Admiralty, Barry Barnes Charles II., in W. Lipscomb's play: Shaftesbury, Fri., 26th.

MACBETH.—Not a first night, but a gala performance in aid of King's College Hospital: Old Vic, Mon., 29th, 8.

CINEMAS

ANGEL (American).—Lubitsch directed this kindly and enlightened triangle between Marlene Dietrich, Herbert Marshall and Melvyn Douglas: Plaza.

DEAD END (American).—Slum-dwellers and socialites make contact in this interesting film, with Sylvia Sidney, Joel McCrea, Humphrey Bogart: Gaumont.

DR. SYN (British).—George Arliss is Russell Thorndike's smuggling parson in a melodrama of Dymchurch v Excise Men: New Gallery.

52ND STREET (American).—A musical with Ian Hunter, Pat Paterson, Zasu Pitts: London Pavilion.

THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA (American).—A magnificent and noble film with a very human and very living portrait by Paul Muni in the name part: Carlton.

LIVE, LOVE AND LEARN (American).—A comedy drama of the vie bohème, with Robert Benchley, Rosalind Russell, Robert Montgomery: Empire.

LOVELY TO LOOK AT (American).—Sonja Henie's second picture, with Tyrone Power, is about a conference at a Swiss hotel: Tivoli.

NITCHEVO (French).—Harry Baur gives a fine performance opposite Marcelle Chantal in this story of gun-running and submarines: Berkeley.

THE PEARLS OF THE CROWN (French).—Sacha Guitry has launched into history in a big way with an Anglo-French cast including Jacqueline Delubac, Yvette Pienne, Lyn Harding: Curzon.

THE PRISONER OF ZENDA (American).—Worth-while remake with Ronald Colman and Fairbanks, Junior, Raymond Massey as a very Black Michael, Madeleine Carroll: Odeon.

THE SKY 'S THE LIMIT (British).—Jack Buchanan has a new lead in Mara Loseff, and musical support from Rawicz and Landauer in his own gay production: Leicester Square.

THE WHITE SQUADRON (Italian).—Shot in Libya, the theme of this noble film is man's task in the world—or one conception of it: Academy.

WIFE, DOCTOR AND NURSE (American).—Warner Baxter, Loretta Young, Virginia Bruce in this: Regal.

OPERA AND BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

FAUST, with full ballet.—To-night, 24th, 8.

IL TABARRO and I PAGLIACCI.—Thurs., 25th, 8.

CARNAVAL, BAISER DE LA FÉE, JOB.—Fri., 26th, 8.30.

FIDELIO.—Sat., 27th, 2.30.

MADAM BUTTERFLY.—Sat., 27th, 8.

NOCTURNE, LORD OF BURLEIGH, CHECKMATE.—Tues., 30th, 8.30.

MUSIC

Recitals

YVETTE GUILBERT: Wigmore Hall, Fri., 26th, 3; and Sat., 27th, 8.15.

SCHNABEL.—A Bach, Weber and Beethoven programme: Queen's Hall, Sat., 27th, 3.

MOISEIWITSCH: Palladium, Sun., 28th, 3.15.

Orchestral

B.B.C.—Boult conducts, Solomon is soloist in Beethoven's B flat piano concerto, also Manfred overture, Delius sketches, Tchaikowsky 5th symphony: Queen's Hall, to-night, 24th, 8.15.

ÆOLUS CONCERT.—Maggie Teyte and Marjorie Ffrangçon-Davies in duets and solos: Grotrian Hall, to-night, 24th.

L.S.O.—Boult conducts, with the B.B.C. Choral Society and three soloists in Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius": Queen's Hall, Thurs., 27th, 8.15.

BEECHAM SUNDAY CONCERT.—Programme to be announced: Covent Garden, 28th, 3.15.

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REVUDEVILLE
at the
WINDMILL
PICCADILLY CIRCUS

Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Hay Wrightson

Jean Murray-White

Is the second daughter of Col. and Mrs. R. S. Murray-White, of 43, St. Mary Abbots Court, Kensington, and Shotley Lodge, Johannesburg; she is engaged to Edward William Minto Beddoes, of Minton House, Church Stretton, Shropshire

Fayer of Vienna

Elizabeth Cruddas

Is the only child of Mr. G. Lloyd Cruddas and Mrs. Cruddas, of Brooke House, Park Lane; she is engaged to Michael Victor Fletcher, only son of the Rev. A. H. and Mrs. Fletcher, of 87, Cadogan Gardens, S.W

Lenare

Joan Mary Lindsay

Is the only daughter of Major-General and Mrs. G. M. Lindsay, of 11, Stanhope Gate, W.1; she is engaged to Charles Holwell Thomas, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. D. Thomas, of Southwick House, Kirkcudbrightshire

Pearl Freeman

Marion Mackenzie-Kennedy

Is the only daughter of Colonel and the late Mrs. Kenneth Mackenzie-Kennedy, of Innerpeffray, by Crieff, Perthshire, and is engaged to Savile Steven, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Steven, of Madderty, Perthshire

Tunbridge

Berys Elizabeth Gilmour

Is the second daughter of Mr. Kenneth Gilmour, of Montreal, and Mrs. Charles Neel, of Sloane Avenue Mansions, S.W.3; she is to marry Flt.-Lieut. Geoffrey Tindal-Carill-Worsley, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Worsley, of East Carleton Manor, near Norwich

Elisabeth Ivimey

Phœbe Louise Foster

Is the daughter of Mr. R. B. Foster and Mrs. J. R. Foster, of 32, Royal Avenue, S.W.3; she is engaged to Lieut. O. S. Boothby, R.N., elder son of the late Commodore W. O. Boothby and Mrs. Boothby, of Garden House, Angmering, Sussex

Lenare

Sheila Holroyde

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eustace Holroyde, of 67, Ennismore Gardens, S.W.7, and Sydney, Australia; she is engaged to Struan Robertson, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Manwaring Robertson, of King's Farm, Binsted, Alton, Hants.

Lenare

Cynthia Elizabeth Gott

Is the only daughter of the late Rev. J. Addison-Gott and Mrs. Gott, of Phœnix Cottage, Holywell, St. Albans, and is to marry Henry John Secker, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Eustace Secker, of Gorstage Hall, Sandiway, Cheshire

Hay Wrightson

Sheila Dudgeon

Is the only daughter of Professor and Mrs. L. S. Dudgeon, of 35, Chester Square, S.W.1, and is engaged to Dr. Arthur Heygate Knowles, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Knowles, of Aldebrook, Crowthorne, Berks.

Fayer of Vienna

Rosemary Ferrand

Is the second daughter of Mr. G. F. Ferrand, of Bracon Lodge, Braconash, Norwich, and Mrs. G. F. Ferrand, and is to marry Antony Powys-Lybbe, of Mead House, Bradfield, Berks., only son of the late R. C. L. Powys-Lybbe and Mrs. Powys-Lybbe

Pearl Freeman

Molly Floud

Is the only daughter of Sir Francis Floud, British High Commissioner in Canada, and Lady Floud; she is to marry Peter Francis du Sautoy, elder son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. du Sautoy, of Warren Hill, Barnt Green, Worcs.

Lenare

Ann Horsfall

Has announced her engagement to Adrian Fane, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Fane, of Hill Farm, Stockenchurch; she is the youngest daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. A. G. Horsfall and Mrs. W. M. Watson, of Crossleys, Henley-on-Thames

(Continued on page O)

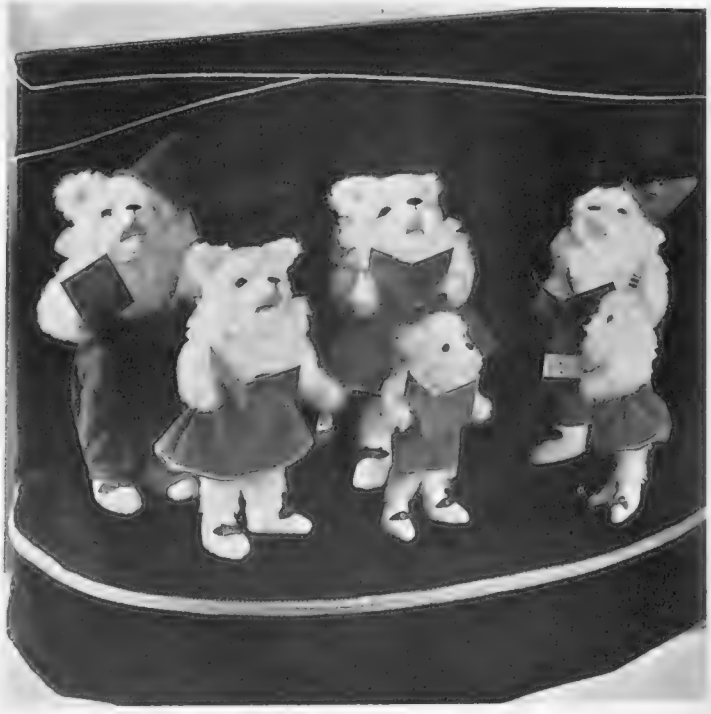
D

Christmas is Here . . .

says *Elizabeth*

A Happy Christmas to you all and good luck in the New Year! Once again Harrods, Knightsbridge, have excelled themselves in their annual Toy Fair with Father Christmas as Master of Ceremonies, and the Fairy Queen in charge of the Golden Book of Names in which every child is asked to write. A distinctly Tyrolean atmosphere prevails, and groups of Austrian peasants from different parts of the country are seen in national costume dancing the "Schuhplatt," and other amusing dances. The party above, dressed in green and black, are performing a series of intricate steps with grace and precision, while the ski-ers below are preparing for a run. The leader of the party favours white plus-fours with a short coat trimmed with touches of bright colour, and wears a jaunty Tyrolean hat with an upstanding feather

The Teddy Bear Concert Party is performing daily at Harrods Toy Fair, and gives a very fine rendering of the well-known song, "Here's a Health Unto His Majesty." The members are seen below, dressed in blue velvet, with score in hand and mouths open. Mechanical toys are becoming increasingly popular, particularly among the very young, and the latest arrival is a Polar bear covered in real fur which skis and growls at the same time. There is also a tabby cat stalking a mouse, and a white rabbit which pops out of the centre of a cabbage and plays a tune. "Pooh Corner" is the name of a charming glass summer-house with a small front garden. It is an ideal playground and large enough for two small children. An outsize double bed filled with two hundred "baby" dolls is another of the many attractions



For Future Reference

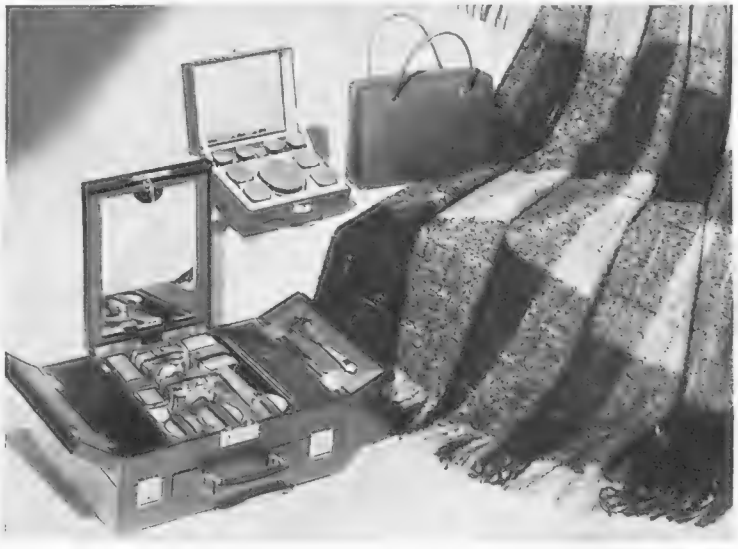
Something personal is always appreciated at Christmas time, and Henry Heath, 172, New Bond Street, suggest a hat. The one on the left is in fine unspottable felt trimmed with petersham. It costs 21s. 9d., with an extra 6s. 6d. for the feather mount

Just imagine the joy of receiving two huge silver foxes from the City Fur Store, 64, St. Paul's Churchyard. The pair above are exceptionally handsome, and cost twenty-four guineas. They can be worn in many different ways and always impart an air of opulence

Send a Motoluxe rug to your motoring friends and they will love you for life. The model illustrated is as light as a feather and beautifully warm. It is interlined and windproof, while the foot-muff made of the same material is equally warm

Accessories are always received with pleasure, and the group below comes from Jay's, Regent Street. It includes both practical and luxury gloves, the latter in black mocha trimmed silver fox, and four handbags, one in ostrich skin, two in crocodile, and a fourth in lizard

Whoever receives the leather dressing-case below will travel in luxury, as it has gold lacquer fittings, a detachable mirror, and space for blouses, etc. Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, have it, together with the beauty box above, travel bag, and wool rug



Wallace Heaton

What Every Woman Wants

Christmas shopping is in full swing, and the question "What shall I give?" is constantly being asked. Something for the house is an excellent solution, and Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, suggest either a reading-lamp or an early morning tea set. The latter is in Royal Crown Derby with a mixed rose design. It costs thirty-five shillings, and is seen in the photograph on the left. The crinoline lady in blue is protected from the glare of the sun by a painted silk shade

Instead of the usual card of good wishes, send an initialed handkerchief from Walpole's, New Bond Street. They are available in coloured chiffon for 2s. 11d. or fine Irish linen for 2s. 6d. The group on the right also includes a beautiful sheer linen handkerchief edged with reproduction "Malines" lace, and a delightful bit of nonsense in printed lawn with Tyrolean hats all over it

Christmas shoppers will find Finnigan's, 17, New Bond Street, a happy hunting-ground, as it is full of unusual presents. A boudoir clock in amber-tinted glass with chromium fittings is seen on the left, together with a grotesque porcelain dog begging for a biscuit, a party bag in white lacquer with a "jewelled" mount, and a charming handbag in Chinese brocade

There is a distinctly "come-hither" look in the eyes of the Mexican dancing girl on the right from Woolland's, Knightsbridge. She is dressed in gay colours and takes the place of a tea-cosy. Next to her is a nightdress sachet in the shape of a Victorian lady wearing pale blue taffeta. She costs 29s. 6d., while behind her is a Chinese embroidered coffee tray for 39s. 6d.

Wallace Heaton

BY APPOINTMENT

Concentrated Bath Essences

(A few drops sprinkled into the bath will soften the water and leave a delicate and lasting perfume)

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ELFIN WONDERLAND
2/6 *each. Post free* 3/-
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In heavy silk washing satin or crêpe de Chine with a new high collar, and short sleeves, finished in front with embroidered design, well fitting trousers. In cherry, emerald, black, peach, sky, ivory.

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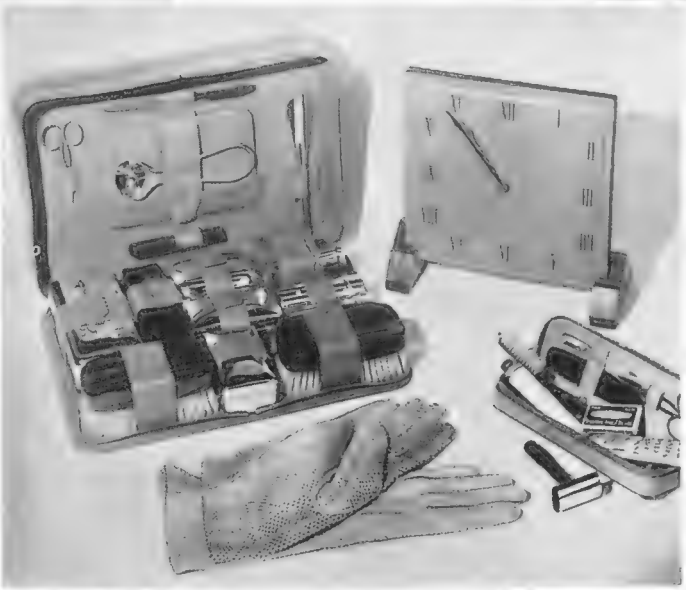
(*Debenhams Ltd*).

Take My Tip

The gaily checked dressing-gown on the right would delight the heart of any husband, as it is easily packed and very cheering on a foggy morning. Austin Reed's have it at any of their branches for two guineas, together with the black velveteen smoking jacket, and Morocco slippers lined with sheepskin

Men are proverbially difficult to please where presents are concerned, yet they are sure to appreciate the pocket case above in golden crocodile with silver-gilt corners. It costs a guinea and may be seen at George Parker's, 12, Upper St. Martin's Lane, together with the other articles in the photograph. These include a leather hunting canteen, a riding-cane covered in snakeskin, and two plaited-leather hunting-whips



"Say it in pigskin" is Swaine and Adeney's (185, Piccadilly) advice for Christmas, judging by the group of pigskin presents on the left. The man's travelling case is elaborately fitted and includes a pair of figured ebony-backed hair brushes, while the clock beside it is of solid leather and has an eight-day movement. A neat week-end case is shown for 15s., fitted with shaving tackle and a tooth-brush

Left: cigarettes are never superfluous, and Player's always please. They are obtainable in special Christmas packings printed with appropriate greetings and a space for the name and address of the recipient. A box of a hundred "Medium" costs 4s. 8d., or 2s. 5d. for fifty

Right: send a bottle—or, better still, a case—of Grant's "Stand Fast" whisky to all your friends with a discriminating palate, so that they may enjoy the mellow flavour of this fine old Highland whisky. Special cases of one, two, three, or six bottles are now on sale

Wallace Heaton

Préface

THIS CHRISTMAS!

For your more vital Christmas giving this year, choose 'Préface'—Pinaud's new, distinguished, elusive perfume.

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Keep a secret?

DEWY, DAWN-NEW LIPS WITH THE NEW

TATTOO

4/6

REFILLS 3/6

Tattoo Ltd.

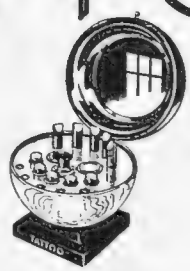
It's the most luscious thing ever in lipsticks . . . this new Tattoo that stays dawn-dewy . . . nicely yet naughtily moist! No lipstick has ever given it before . . . it's a Tattoo extra-secret secret! You'll find it in all the mad, wicked, South Sea Tattoo shades . . . and it means no more drying, no more youth-destroying puckering! And no more public performances of making-up! Tattoo—the one and only stay-on-for-ever lipstick . . . *now*, with the new stay-on dawn dewiness!

THE NEW 'STAY-NEW'

TATTOO

'HAWAIIAN" *is the newest, reddest red! Vivid and impudently daring; yet so soft, sincere and warmly feminine.* Positively *won't turn purplish. More rapture-making with the new dewy Tattoo secret!*

"EXOTIC" *is a truly exotic new shade, brilliant yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the right words to describe it, but you'll find it more effective than ever with the new never-before Tattoo dewiness.*



At this Tattoo Colour Selector on the better cosmetic counters everywhere you can actually test on your own skin all the Tattoo Shades with the new dewiness!

"CORAL" *has an exciting orangish pink tint. Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and titian blondes. Yes*—dewy too!

"NATURAL"—*a medium shade—is a true, rich, blood colour. An asset to any brunette—gives the new dewy beauty!*

"PASTEL" *is of the type that changes colour when applied to the lips. It gives an unusually transparent richness and a depth of warmth which blended with the new dawn-dew look is truly amazing!*

By Parcel Post

There is a delicious and very refreshing flavour about all "Presta" drinks, which are made from the finest ingredients in the Apollinaris factories. Lemon and Barley is particularly good, while sparkling Grape Fruit makes a delightful cocktail

Many happy hours can be spent with a box of Harbutt's plasticine, which encourages children to use their hands and promotes a creative instinct. Another fascinating pastime is "Nov-Lart," a stencil outfit for making artistic pictures, calendars and post-cards

A delightful air of domesticity surrounds the group above from Liberty, Regent Street. The crinoline lady displays a shapely ankle from under muslin petticoats and pantalettes, while her two white cats are covered in real fur. A brindled "Scottie" looks on with soulful eyes

Christmas would not be Christmas without a supply of Mackintosh's toffee. There are various assortments, a great favourite being "Quality Street." A five-pound family tin as shown in the photograph on the left contains eighteen delicious varieties and costs ten shillings

Children and their parents have a special weakness for Huntley and Palmers' biscuits packed in decorative tins, some of which have the signs of the Zodiac enamelled in bright colours. There are endless varieties, including "Paris Assorted" with cream, jam and chocolate fillings, also tins of real Scottish shortbread

By Appointment

SWAINE & ADENEY Ltd.

Established 1750

BEST SILK UMBRELLAS from 50/- each

Full Illustrated List sent on application

Postage and packing abroad 3s. 6d. extra.

Telegrams: "Swadeneyne, Piccy, London." **185, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1** *Telephone: Regent 4277 (2 lines).*

Evening Coat Department— First Floor

Liberty's

LIBERTY & CO., LTD.,
Regent Street, London, W.1.
Telephone: REGent 1234.

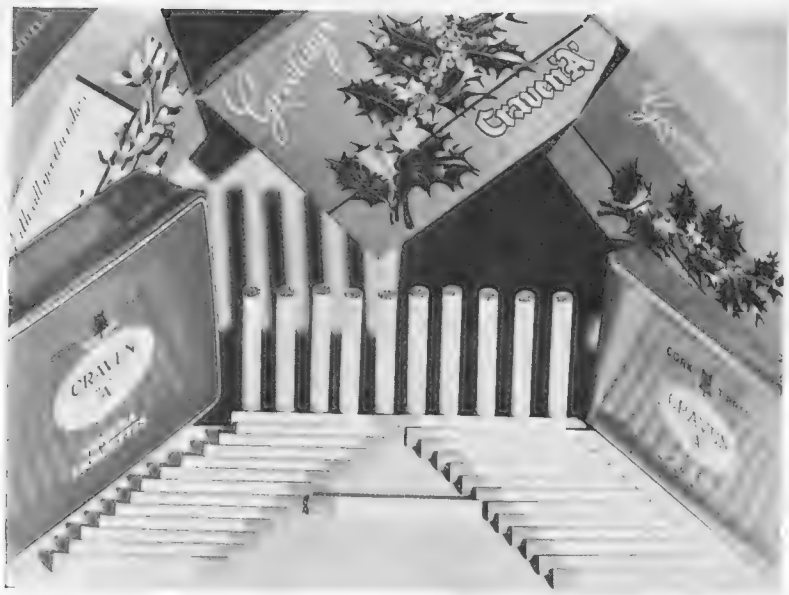
(*Left*) MILAN

This vastly becoming crease-resisting velvet Evening Coatee is distinguished for its beautiful sleeves heavily embroidered with pewter thread. The line of the bodice, together with the roll collar, is exceedingly becoming. Colours: black and green. Can be copied in a large range of lovely colours. **11 Gns.**

(*Right*) ESSENTIAL

This delightful Evening Cape Coatee is one of our suggestions for a Christmas Gift. In embossed velvet, the colours stocked are wine, Mediterranean blue, green and black. Can be copied in other colours and materials. Patterns sent on request. Sent on approval. **5 Gns.**

Take Your Choice



Send some of your many friends a box of Craven "A" cork-tipped cigarettes signed "With all good wishes." They are packed in gay boxes with a sprig of holly across the front, and are ready for posting

A choice of three excellent drinks is provided by Matthew Gloag in their special Christmas cases for twenty-five shillings. These contain a bottle of "Grouse" Brand Whisky, another of "Pintail" Sherry, and a third of "Quinta Santa Martha," a fine old tawny port

Right: "Pass the port" and let it be Dixon's Double Diamond, an excellent vintage with a rare bouquet. It is sold by all leading wine merchants and will bring good cheer to every home

Below: Christmas parties will be all the merrier for a case of Grant's Morella Cherry Brandy. Its perfect quality is familiar to all who know a good liqueur, while its reputation extends over a century

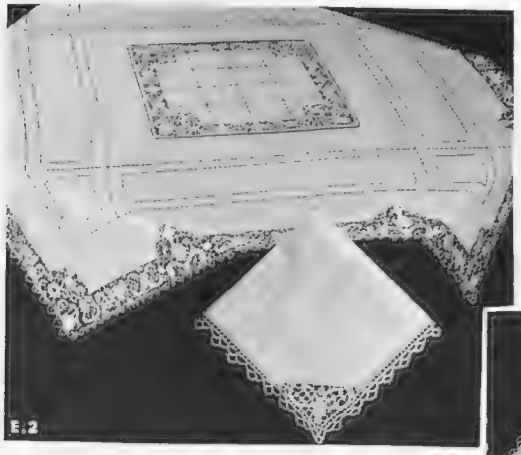
Right: Martini Vermouth, a delightful drink in itself, is the foundation of many excellent cocktails and "high-balls." It is obtainable both "sweet" and "dry," and should be served with plenty of ice

Wallace Heaton

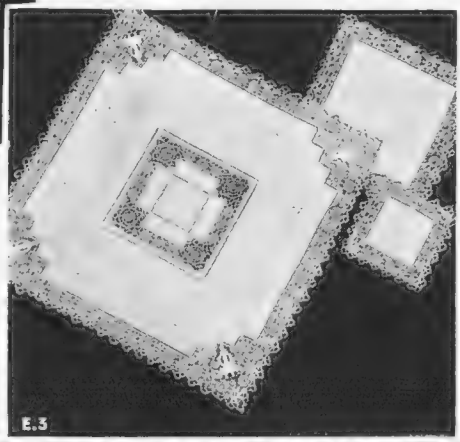
Walpoles Irish Linens

"The Finest the World Produces"

EXQUISITE LINENS EXCLUSIVE CLOTHES



Famous for linens for nearly 200 years, Walpoles have never produced anything more exquisite than these new hand-worked table cloths and napkins. Do let us send you our illustrated catalogue.



E.2. Tea or Supper Cloth in exquisite Reticella work, in fine Natural Shade of Bisso linen. Size 54 × 54 ins. with 6 napkins (15 × 15 ins.) 89/6

E.3. Luncheon or Dinner Sets in Naples Point, finely worked in Natural Shade of Bisso linen.

Set of 13 pieces (for 6 courses) 57/6
Set „ 25 „ (for 12 courses) 89/6

E.1. Dinner Table Cloths in filtere and fine veining. Made in Natural shade of Bisso linen, beautifully handworked.

Size 2 x 2½ yds. with 12 napkins - - - - 6 gns.
2 x 3 „ „ „ „ - - - - 8 gns.
2 x 3½ „ „ „ „ - - 10 gns.

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KENSINGTON GORE

"Hawkins, the sticking plaster. I've cut my chin. My hand, for some reason, is somewhat unsteady."

"Very good, Sir."

"And while you're about it, Hawkins, you might get something to cure a headache. Enough to cure four men."

"I did not know we had guests, Sir. Where did the three other gentlemen sleep?"

"There are no other gentlemen. The hangover in question belongs to me. It is probably the fiercest specimen now in captivity."

"I'm sorry to hear it, Sir. I myself am largely to blame. Knowing you were to attend last night's reunion, I had intended to lay in some Rose's Lime Juice. The matter unfortunately slipped my memory."

"What on earth are you getting at?"

"I was explaining, Sir, the therapeutic action of Rose's. A stiff glass, taken after a convivial evening, has the property of banishing these distressing mornings after — apart from which, Sir — it slakes the thirst in no uncertain manner."

"Hawkins, you're not romancing?"

"SIR!"

"Of course, Hawkins, of course. Slip out and order a case of this Rose's. Never mind about the sticking plaster. I don't think I'll need it again."

ROSE'S—THE WISE MAN'S NIGHTCAP

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The BEST SKI-ING DISTRICT in SWITZERLAND

GRAND HOTEL VEREINA

200 beds.

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The home-like atmosphere—the personal supervision of the proprietor—the great variety of sports and amusements—are well known all over Great Britain.

Thomas Hew, *Managing Proprietor.*

PERHAPS you obtain your clothes from a dress designer, and spend a small fortune each year on lovely garments that fulfil the demands of your own good taste. But have you ever thought how important it is to have your hair dressed by a hair artist who will study your personality as well as your looks, and then evolve a coiffure specially suited to yourself? Emile is that hair artist. He dresses the heads of the Society fashion-leaders of every country. If you go to him, you are sure of personal, expert attention from first to last.

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The illustration shows left breast supported and right unsupported. Only **JOUJOU BREAST SUPPORTER** gives this correct improvement; must be worn day and night. **GUARDS** against **CANCER, TUMOUR, MASTITIS,** and relieves **PAIN** immediately.

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White material. **For drooping, heavy figures 38/6**

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Pink Silk or Net, detachable straps, from 52/6

Please state Bust and Underbust measurements.

For small Figures only, in white fine material, 15/6

Very low back model, 63/-

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WITHOUT & WITH

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TENOVA

self-supporting socks

Patent No. 323457. Reg. Design 748974

Tenova Ltd., 157-161 Regent St., London, W.1. Regent 2424

Getting Married

(Continued from page c)

Cole — Burstall

At St. Mary's, Kingsworthy, Hants., Lieut. Anthony B. Cole, R.N., younger son of the late Commander J. F. H. Cole and Mrs. Oliver Leggett, married Barbara Burstall, daughter of Lt.-Gen. Sir Henry and Lady Burstall, of Headbourne Grange, Winchester

Howard George Askwith, only son of Canon and Mrs. Askwith, of Woking, and Pearl Marguerite Louise Keeson, youngest daughter of the late Major C. A. C. Keeson and Mrs. Keeson, of 5, Fitzjohn's Mansions, Netherall Gardens, N.W.3, were married at Brompton Parish Church

Askwith — Keeson

Bury — Moinet

Francis James Lindsay Bury and Diana Moinet were married at St. Clement Danes. He is the only son of Mr. and the late Mrs. Bury, of Millichope Park, Craven Arms, Salop, and she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Moinet, of Orchard House, Copthorne, Sussex

Merrylees — Shepstone

At Chelsea Register Office Major Kenneth Merrylees, R.E., only son of the late W. E. Merrylees and Mrs. Merrylees, of 3, Lexham Gardens Mews, W.8, married Nina Shepstone, elder daughter of the late Col. Walter Shepstone, and the late Mrs. Frank, of Natal, South Africa

Rathbone — Melville

Denis Lyle Rathbone, second son of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Rathbone, of Allerton Beeches, Liverpool, and Betty Melville, daughter of the late C. E. Melville and Mrs. Melville, of Melbourne, Australia, were married at All Souls', Langham Place

Kennard — Martyn

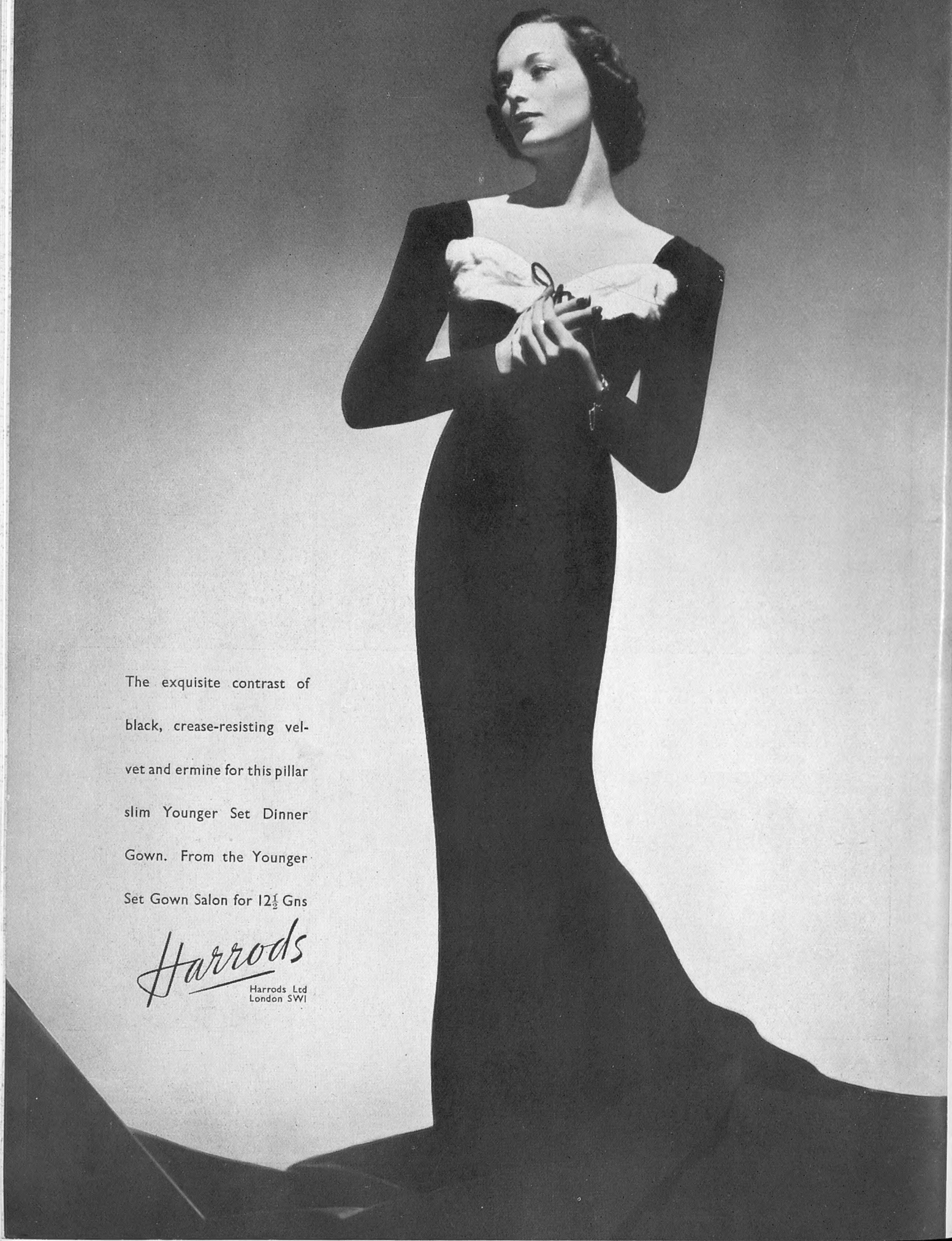
Henry Rowland Hayworth Kennard, only son of the late R. S. A. Kennard and Mrs. Kennard, of Little Harrow, Bransgore, near Christchurch, Hants., married Evelyn Grace Martyn at St. Saviour's, Brockenhurst. She is the eldest daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. Cardell Pascoe Martyn, of Bexhill-on-Sea

Peatfield — Maynard

William Morris Crompton Peatfield, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Crompton Peatfield, of Eastbourne, married Dulcie Anderson Maynard at All Souls', Langham Place. She is the elder daughter of Lieut.-Commander and Mrs. Haskett Maynard, of Cambria, Pegwell Road, Ramsgate

Butler — Harvest

Patrick Kendall Butler, son of the late Sir Cyril Kendall-Butler and Lady Kendall-Butler, of Burton House, Shrivenham, near Swindon, and Josephine Harvest, only child of the late Colonel H. H. Harvest and Mrs. Harvest, of 14, Montrose Place, Halkin Street, W., were married at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street



The exquisite contrast of black, crease-resisting velvet and ermine for this pillar slim Younger Set Dinner Gown. From the Younger Set Gown Salon for 12½ Gns

Harrods

Harrods Ltd
London SW1

Strange

"COIN OF THE REALM"

VI. *by Rolling Stone*

"SHE SELLS SEA SHELLS ON THE SEA SHORE"

Most of us remember this old-time music-hall tongue-twister. Possibly its inspiration lay in those holiday souvenirs, "A present from Splashington-on-Sea," so common a few years back . . . little trinkets, encrusted with tiny shells.

Whoever collected those shells must have found money in the "business".

Money for Shells! But how about Shells for Money? Can you picture Mrs. Smythe-Jones sweeping into the local hardware store and slapping a few strings of cockle shells on the counter, in payment for her latest purchase of pots and pans ! ! !

Yet in the Solomon Islands she could furnish throughout, on such apparently "easy" terms. For there, Cowrie Shells, on cords six to nine feet long, are legal tender. Bowl to bathe baby in—ten strings . . . dozen plates—four strings . . .

Sounds far-fetched?—but it's true.

That's one of the "bull" points of globetrotting . . . a peep through the veil of the past here, a sight of the almost unbelievable there—rich material for the telling, when some comment, some scene, strikes an answering chord in your mind.

This winter many fortunate people will be off to the West Indies on the trail of health and happiness.

If you are thinking of joining them, you can find out all about travel to the West Indies and their companion resorts, The Bahamas, Bermuda, Barbados, The Windward Isles, by getting a copy of Cook's handbook on World Travel: "WINTER SUNSHINE OVERSEAS."

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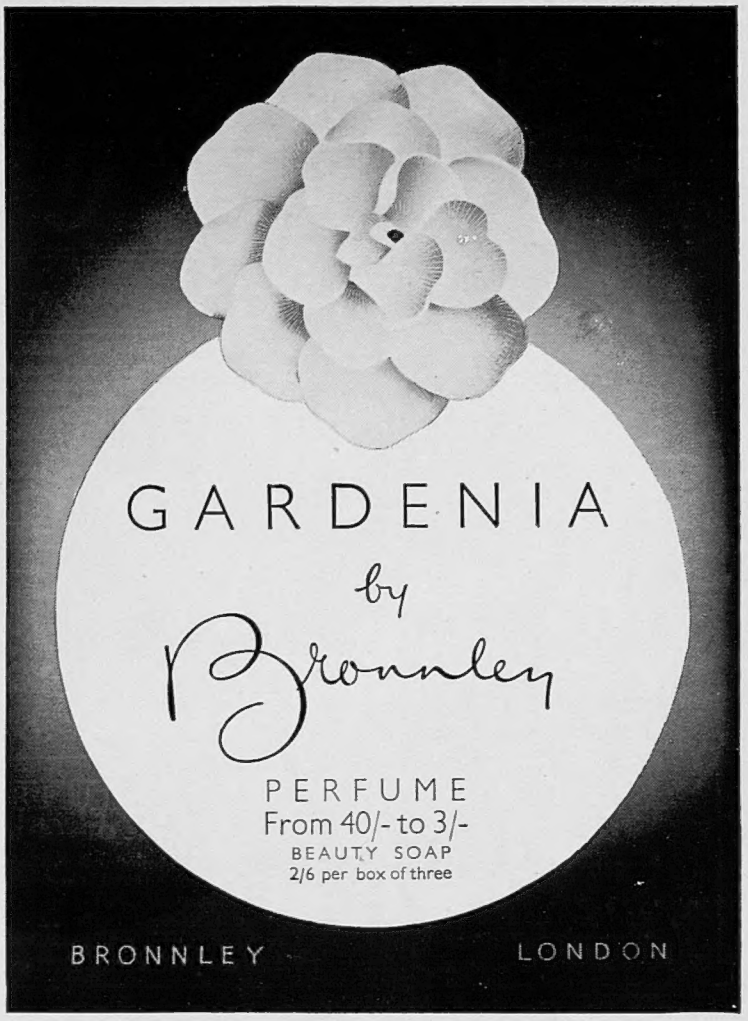

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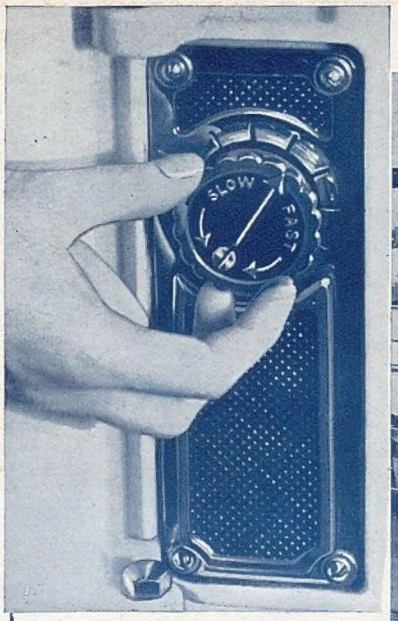
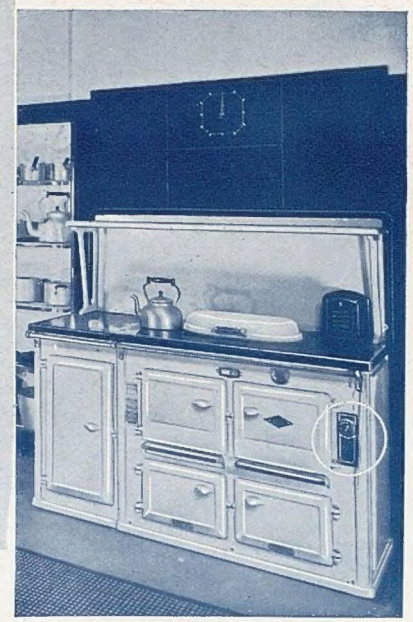


PREMIER ESSE Heat Storage Cooker No. 71.



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Must vary with the things we eat
But the ESSE has a thermostat
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The ESSE is always on duty. Burning continuously (smokeless fuel—preferably anthracite) throughout the day and night and accumulating an immense reserve of heat, the ESSE is ready for action at a moments, notice. Cook, who never has to wait for the ESSE to warm up, has every desired cooking temperature available to produce a delicious meal of any size at any time—thanks to the thermostat. Yet, the ESSE Heat Storage method of cooking is one of the cheapest known. Why not call and see a demonstration or write for further particulars?

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